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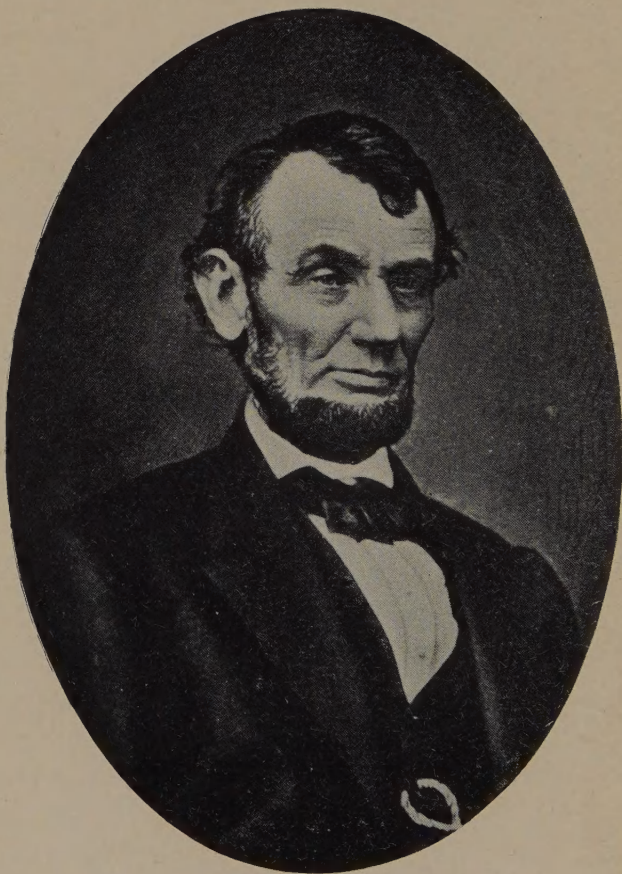
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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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The
**Religious Life of
Famous Americans**

By
LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D.,

Author of "The King's Stewards" and
"Soul-Winning Stories"



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A FIRST WORD WITH THE READER.

LIFE is ever the greatest teacher. The story of great men is of absorbing interest, not only to youth but to thinking men at every stage of their lives. The political biographer is not likely to make much of the personal religious character of the man the story of whose political honor and ambitious career he seeks to narrate. So that it often happens that a public man whose religious life was most devout and who drew the nourishment for his most splendid deeds from the hidden springs of worship and communion with God, stands in the eye of the multitude as an unknown quantity religiously. It has been the purpose of the author in these chapters to present in the case of the score of men and women whose lives are studied the religious side of their career. Such information has been sought from every quarter available, and is presented in a way which it is hoped will picture the truthful and helpful Christian personality of each character portrayed.

LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

WEST NYACK, N. Y., July 8, 1904.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



CHAPTER I.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

AMONG the interesting things shown in the Lincoln Museum in the Capital City of the nation is an old copy of the Bible. No one can look at its well-thumbed pages without being assured that it has been much studied. If you will look on the inside of the cover, you will find these words, written by the famous man who once owned it: "A. Lincoln, his own book."

Throughout his life, Abraham Lincoln was a devout student of the Bible. In his young manhood, when writing to his brother about his father's sickness, he uses these words: "He notes the fall of the sparrow and numbers the hairs of our heads." In all his early speeches, both at the bar and on the political stump, he

quoted from the Bible more than from any other book, and he kept this up until the end of his life. Indeed, after he came to the Presidency of the United States and upon his shoulders were laid such heavy burdens, his religious life was evidently greatly intensified and deepened. About a year before the tragic end of his career on earth, he wrote to his friend, Joshua Speed: "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

After the Emancipation Proclamation, the colored people of Baltimore presented Mr. Lincoln with a handsome copy of the Scriptures. He responded in these words: "In regard to the great book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this book."

Mr. Lincoln's faith in God, his confidence in him as the author of the Bible, is brought out in strongest light in his second inaugural address. This tremendous paragraph stands as an immortal testimony to the great man's reliance and faith in God and his Word:

“Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God’s assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men’s faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. ‘Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come: but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh.’ If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman’s two

hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so it still must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' "

One of the strong writers of that day, commenting on the Christian spirit and faith breathed from Lincoln's second inaugural, said: "Since the days of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, where is the speech of emperor, king, or ruler which can compare with this? May we not, without irreverence, say that passages of this address are worthy of that holy Book which daily he read, and from which, during his long days of trial, he had drawn inspiration and guidance? Where else but from the teachings of the Son of God could he have drawn the Christian charity which pervades the last sentence, in which he so unconsciously describes his own moral nature: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right'? No other state paper in American annals, not even Washington's farewell address, has made so

deep an impression upon the people as this. . . . This paper in its solemn recognition of the justice of Almighty God reminds us of the words of the old Hebrew prophets."

Abraham Lincoln had a most devout faith in prayer. General James F. Rusling gives a most interesting account of a call he and General Daniel E. Sickles made upon him after the battle of Gettysburg. During the conversation General Sickles asked if the President and the Cabinet had not been anxious about the battle? Mr. Lincoln replied that the Cabinet had, but he had not; and he then went on to make a confession that in the very pinch and stress of the Gettysburg campaign he had gone to the Almighty in secret prayer. He said he told the Lord this was his country, and the war was his war, but that we could not stand another Fredericksburg or Chancellorsville; and that he then and there made a solemn vow with his Maker that if he would stand by us at Gettysburg, he would stand by him; and then he added: "And he *did*, and I *will*!" He said that after he had prayed he could not explain how it was, but a sweet comfort had crept into his soul that God Almighty had

taken the whole business there into his hands, and we were bound to win at Gettysburg.

Mr. Lincoln returned again to the subject of prayer in that same conversation with Sickles and Rusling, saying that he did not want it repeated then; some might laugh; but it was a solemn fact that he prayed mightily over both Gettysburg and Vicksburg, and verily believed our Heavenly Father was somehow going to take care of the American Republic. At the time of this conversation President Lincoln did not know that Vicksburg had already been captured.

No public man ever more clearly emphasized his faith in God in his public addresses, as well as in his private conversation and letters, than did Abraham Lincoln. When he started from Springfield, Ill., to take his journey to Washington to become President, a large number of the citizens of Springfield, together with his neighbors and friends, gathered at the station to bid him farewell. Standing on the platform of the car, and speaking with deep emotion, he said:

"My friends, no one not in my position can realize the sadness I feel at this parting. To

this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century. Here my children were born and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine blessing which sustained him; and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support. And I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive the divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain."

The journey which Lincoln took to Washington will always be historic. At every station the people gathered and at every stop Mr. Lincoln spoke, and the key-note of all his speeches was his faith in God and his hope for the divine guidance. In his address at Columbus, Ohio, he said: "I turn then to God for support, who has never forsaken the people." At Steubenville he said: "Nothing shall be wanting on my part, if sustained by the American

people and God." At Buffalo, N. Y.: "I am trusting in that Supreme Being who has never forsaken this favored land." At Albany he said: "I still have confidence that the Almighty, the Maker of the universe, will bring us through this." At Newark, N. J., he said: "I am sure, however, that I have not the ability to do anything unaided of God." At Trenton he said: "I shall be most happy indeed if I shall be a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty and of this his most chosen people as the chosen instrument, also in the hands of the Almighty, of perpetuating the object of that great struggle." At Philadelphia, where the last address was made before reaching Washington, he used these words: "I have said nothing but that I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, die by."

While these utterances are sufficient to prove beyond all doubt Mr. Lincoln's reverent faith in God, it is certainly a matter of comfort to all sincere Christian hearts that we have abundant evidence that during his Presidency of the United States Mr. Lincoln came into a definite, personal relation with Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord.

Mr. Noah Brooks, who was a bosom friend of Lincoln, says that, while he never tried to draw anything like a statement of his religious views from him, Mr. Lincoln freely expressed to him "his hope of a blessed immortality through Jesus Christ."

Mr. Frank Carpenter, the painter, who had unusual opportunities for private conversation with Mr. Lincoln, relates that a lady in the service of the Christian Commission called on Mr. Lincoln on a number of occasions on the business of the Commission. On one occasion their conversation turned to the subject of religion. The President asked this good woman to give her views as to what constituted a religious experience, and she readily consented. After she had clearly set forth her views, Mr. Lincoln responded as follows: "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this subject, I think I can say with sincerity that I hope that I am a Christian. I had lived until my boy Willie died without fully realizing these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a test, I think I can safely

say that I know something of that change of which you speak. I will further add that it has been my intention for some time at a suitable opportunity to make a public religious confession."

On another occasion, speaking to Mr. Noah Brooks, to whom reference has already been made, Mr. Lincoln said: "When any church would inscribe over its altars as its sole qualification for membership the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

Colonel Henry Watterson, in his remarkable lecture on Abraham Lincoln, has this eloquent paragraph expressing his faith in the divine guidance and inspiration of Abraham Lincoln, in which all Christians may unite. Mr. Watterson says of him:

"Born as lowly as the Son of God, reared in penury and squalor, with no gleam of light nor fair surroundings, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, without fame or

name or seeming preparation, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to a supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation. Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hands smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman and stayed the life of the German priest? God alone; and as surely as these were raised by God, inspired of God was Abraham Lincoln. A thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder than that which tells of his life and death. If Lincoln was not inspired of God, then there is no such thing on earth as special providence or the interposition of divine power in the affairs of men."

RUFUS CHOATE



CHAPTER II.

RUFUS CHOATE.

RUFUS CHOATE, one of the greatest of America's lawyers as well as one of her most famous orators, seems to have been born into the world with a thirst for knowledge, and with his first reading came the Bible. In the village library of the little town of Ipswich, Mass., where he spent his childhood, he found such books as "Rollin's Ancient History," "Josephus," "Plutarch," and these and many other books of a similar nature he read before he was ten years old. During all these early years the Bible was read and re-read with more than ordinary thoughtfulness, and early in the War of 1812 he made what he thought was the great discovery of an undoubted prophecy of Napoleon Bonaparte in the book of Daniel.

He was at the same time an attentive and critical hearer of sermons, even when the minister was dull. "When about nine years old," says his brother, "he took us all by surprise one Sabbath noon, by saying, 'Mr.—— (naming the preacher) had better mind what he says about James (the apostle), *even* James,' repeating the words emphatically. The minister had been quoting Paul, and added, 'even James says, For what is your life?' The remark went to show us (the family) not only that he had been attentive to what had been said (which we had not been), but that he saw an objection to the comparison, implied, at least, between the two apostles, *both* of whom were inspired."

The moral discipline of the family where Rufus Choate grew up was careful and exact. A portion of the Catechism was recited every Sabbath, and the lessons thus learned were so deeply engraved on his memory as never to be forgotten. On one occasion in later life, in commenting upon the testimony of a witness who professed his willingness to do any job that might offer on Sunday, just as he would on any other day, Mr. Choate repeated, word

for word, one of the long answers of the Catechism on the import of the Fourth Commandment, and then turning to the Court, said, "May it please your honor, my mother taught me this in my earliest childhood, and I trust I shall not forget it in my age."

After young Choate left college he spent a year in the office of William E. Wirt, in Washington. Mr. Wirt was then Attorney-General of the United States, and the association with him furnished great opportunity for the young lawyer. Writing to an old college chum during this year, this significant sentence occurs in his letter, "I read every day some chapters in the English Bible." This early religious teaching and Bible reading produced, as it always will, strength of conscience. An educated conscience was Rufus Choate's supreme master. The story is told that on one very stormy night, during his residence in Danvers, Mass., he was called upon at a late hour to draw the will of a dying man who lived several miles distant. He went, performed the service, and returned home. But after going to bed, as he lay revolving in his mind each provision of the paper he had so rapidly prepared, there flashed across

his memory an omission that might possibly cause the testator's intention to be misunderstood. He sprang from his bed and began dressing himself rapidly, to the great surprise of his wife, only answering her inquiries by saying that he had done what must be undone, and in the thick of the storm rode again to his dying client, explained the reason of his return, and drew a codicil to the will which made everything sure.

He related this incident in after life, saying that sometimes, years after a case had been tried, he would feel a pang of reproach that he had not urged some argument which at that moment flashed across his mind. He always fought his lost cases over again, to see if he could find any argument whereby he might have gained them.

Mr. Choate's biographer, Samuel Gilman Brown, a former president of Hamilton College, gives a very touching and graphic description of the incidents connected with the death of a little girl but three years of age, which sets forth very tenderly the Christian faith and feeling of the great lawyer. Rev. Dr. Adams, who was pastor of the family,

was away from home, and so Mr. Choate wrote a letter which he sent by a special messenger to Rev. Hubbard Winslow, asking him to come immediately.

“Entering the chamber,” says Dr. Winslow, “at the appointed time, I found the family all assembled. A beautiful little girl of perhaps three years lay dying. We all kneeled in prayer, and after a few remarks I was about to retire, to leave the weeping family to the sacredness of their domestic sorrow, when Mr. Choate took my hand and besought me to remain with them while the child lived. I consented to remain until evening, when I had another engagement. He stood by the fireplace, resting his elbows on the marble, with his face in his hands, evidently absorbed in prayer; Mrs. Choate was bending over the pillow with the yearning tenderness of a mother, and the older children and servants stood around in silent grief, while I sat by the bedside, observing the child’s symptoms, and sometimes repeating a passage of Scripture or a pertinent stanza of poetry. Thus a full hour passed in silence, in prayer, in tears, in communion with death and eternity, Mr.

Choate remaining motionless as a statue during the whole time. Perceiving the pulse failing and the breath becoming very short and difficult, I said, 'Mr. Choate, I fear the dear child is just leaving us.' He then came to the bedside, embraced her, kissed her three times, and then turned and resumed his position as before. All the family followed him in a parting kiss. A few moments after, the angel spirit fled. I closed the sightless eyes and said, 'My dear Mr. Choate, your sweet child is in heaven!' He burst instantly into a flood of tears, and sobbed aloud. He did not change his position, but remained with his face buried in his hands and the tears pouring like rain drops upon the hearthstone. And thus he continued, until duty compelled me to leave the chamber of death. He then came and thanked me, and said with deep emotion, 'I feel greatly comforted. My dear child has gone home. It was God's will to take her, and that is enough.' "

Occasional references in Rufus Choate's journals show that he was never so busy or so interested in other matters as to forget the necessity of feeding the spiritual life. During a trip to Europe, in 1850, he writes while on

shipboard, "I have come away without a book but the Bible and Prayer Book and Daily Food." Later he writes down this resolution, "I will commit one morsel in the 'Daily Food' daily, and have to-day, that of the 29th of June." In a memorandum concerning a religious service which he had attended in London, he writes: "I have attended service in St. George's for want of knowing where to go. The music was admirable, forming a larger part than in the American Episcopal Service, and performed divinely. The sermon was light and delivered in a cold 'sing-song' on 'The Character of David.' "

In laying out a plan for his daily conduct, during a stay in England, he wrote down this resolution, "And now for some plan of time and movement for England. Before breakfast I shall walk at least an hour observantly, and on returning, jot down anything worth it. This hour is for exercise, however. I mean next to read every day a passage in the Bible, a passage in the Old and in the New Testament, beginning each, and commit my 'Daily Food.' " And a month later, when he had been very much taken up, so that he had little time to

write in his journal, he jots down this, "I read Bible, Prayer Book, and a page of Bishop Andrews' Prayers."

All the men who have written about Rufus Choate have agreed in this : that as life matured with him, the beautiful graces of the Christian character became ever more marked in all his relations to others. One says of him: "It seemed as if nobody was ever so gentle, and sweet hearted, and tender of others as he. And when we consider the constant provocation of his profession, his natural excitability, the ardor with which he threw himself into a case, the vigor and tenacity of purpose with which he fought his battle, as well as his extreme sensitiveness to sharp and unkind words, it seems little less than a miracle."

Another says of him that he lavished his good nature upon all around him, in the court and in the office, upon students, witnesses, servants, and strangers as well. He was so reluctant to inflict pain that he would long endure annoyance, such as permitting himself to be bored by an undesired visitor, or put himself to great inconvenience in escaping from a diffi-

cult situation rather than to wound the feelings of another. We are assured that he never spoke ill of the absent, nor would suffer others to do so in his presence. He was affectionate, obliging, desirous to make every one about him happy, with strong sympathy for any one in trouble.

Dr. Adams, who was his pastor for many years, in his funeral address tells a characteristic little anecdote: "He had not walked far, one morning, a few years ago, he said, and gave as a reason that his attention was taken by a company of those large, creeping things which lie on their backs in the paths as soon as the light strikes them. 'But of what use was it,' he was asked, 'for you to help them over with your cane, knowing that they would become supine again?' 'I gave them a fair start in life,' he said, 'and my responsibility was at an end.' Rufus Choate was always helping them on to their feet."

The great lawyer was very fond of music, especially sacred music. Every Sunday evening, after tea, he would gather his children around the piano and join them in singing the

old Psalm tunes and chants. In his last illness his children sang these old songs of praise for him every night. His pure and happy spirit must have rejoiced on entering the heavenly chorus.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE



CHAPTER III.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

THE first message ever sent over the telegraphic wire—"What hath God wrought!"—taken from the twenty-third verse of the twenty-third chapter of the book of Numbers, reveals a spirit in perfect harmony with the entire life and character of Samuel F. B. Morse, the famous inventor of our modern telegraph system. Professor Morse was not only a Christian in his creed, but a sincere and genuine Christian in his practice. Both his father and his grandfather were ministers of the gospel. He gave himself, without reserve, to the Christian life in his youth, and held to it with consecrated devotion throughout his career. It was in his father's church in Charlestown, Mass., that he first publicly professed his faith in Christ. Later on, when the family removed to New Haven, Conn., he became a member of the First Congregational

Church of that city, where he remained in connection until the year 1847, when he settled in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and united with the First Presbyterian Church. But wherever he was, in London, or Paris, or Washington, on sea or land, in whatever company of people he was thrown, he was always known and recognized as a Christian. Those who knew him most intimately were constantly impressed with the feeling that he was guided in all his actions by reverent love toward God and sympathy and kindness toward his fellow-men. To him the Scriptures were the guide and rule of life, and he held his own life constantly to their standard. He was often unjustly assailed by those who were envious or jealous of him because of his inventive genius; yet these things which often bring out the seamy side in a man's character, had no such result with him. Through the most annoying experiences he maintained a composure and calmness, with a forgiving and gentle spirit, which caused those who beheld him to feel like saying, as was said of Peter and John, that he "had been with Jesus and learned of him." He greatly delighted in Christian conversation, and walk-

ing on the street, or in the midst of business, when he was seemingly overwhelmed with business cares and perplexed with many business anxieties, he ever welcomed a conversation on the subject of personal religion and would talk with all the simplicity of a child with any friend who was ready to discuss the subject of the relation of the soul to God.

Professor Morse was far more than a sentimentalist in the Christian life. The Christian spirit pervaded all his business. He was active and conscientious in the use of his money and gave largely and cheerfully as his means increased to any object of Christian benevolence which appealed to his judgment. Few men, we are told, have given more in proportion to advance the cause of Christ. He held all his success to be God-given. After the first dispatch was sent and received, Morse said of it, "It baptized the American telegraph with the name of its Author." The Author, as he believed, was God. So grateful was he that he gave the first earnings of the telegraph as a sort of first-fruits to the church. From this beginning, which was only the commencement of a flow of wealth into his hands which ever

afterward gave him abundance, he remained faithful to that sense of stewardship to God. He was liberal in his gifts to colleges and theological seminaries, as well as to missionary and other religious causes.

During the later years of his life, when Professor Morse had become one of the famous men in the world and when honors and riches were heaped upon him, the marked characteristic of the man was the development of the spiritual life. None of his successes in any degree spoiled him. In the midst of earthly honors and riches his appreciation of spiritual riches increased.

Dr. Wheeler, of Poughkeepsie, who was Mr. Morse's pastor during the latter part of his life, has given a very charming picture of Morse's religious life during the years when he knew him. He writes: "It was at Locust Grove I knew him best and most. Here among the grand old trees, the fresh, green lawn, and rare plants which adorned his grounds, the fashion and substance of the man were seen. This home he greatly loved. Writing from one of the capitals in Europe at one time immediately after one of the grandest receptions

that scholar or philosopher ever received, he says: 'My heart yearns for my dear old home on the Hudson; its calm repose, its sweet walks, where so often I have been with God.' I recall with great satisfaction the many times on his veranda, looking westward on flood and hills beyond, in large discourse he would dwell upon the 'things unseen' and his utterances would have such depth and scope that I marveled at the beauty and strength of that love for God and his realm which rose and fell like mighty tides in his heart."

On one occasion when his pastor was with him some allusion was made to his career and the honors which had thickened upon him. A significant smile stole over the face of the great inventor as he gently said: "It is all of God. He has used me as his hand in all this. I am not indifferent to the rewards of earth and the praise of my fellow-men, but I am more pleased with the fact that my Father in heaven has allowed me to do something for him and his world." On another occasion when Dr. Wheeler called on him Morse met him with brimming eyes, and, grasping him with both hands, exclaimed: "Oh, you cannot tell how

thankful I have been this morning, in thinking this matter of the telegraph all over, that God has permitted me to do something for the health and comfort of my fellows. I have just heard of a family made happy by a telegraphic dispatch from one of its absent members, announcing his safety, when the whole household was in grief over his supposed death; only think of the many homes that may be thus gladdened, relieved from solitude and pain!"

Some scientific men have seemed to take a greater interest in trying to exclude God from his own universe than in finding out the truth; but for such men Morse had no sympathy. He was a thoughtful, well-read, and thoroughly practical scientific seeker after truth; but he found God everywhere. Pointing one day to an insect's wing, he said: "There, that is enough of itself to satisfy any reasonable mind of God's being, wisdom and power. It is in these things which we call small that I am finding every day fresh proofs of God's direct and positive agency. I see in all these things God's finger, and I am so glad through them to get hold of God's hand; and then," he added, with moistened eyes, and a voice husky with emo-

tion, "if God makes all these small things around us here so exquisitely beautiful, what grandeur must attach to the things beyond, unseen and eternal!"

Soon after coming to Poughkeepsie, one summer, he fractured one of his limbs, and was confined for most of that season to his room. Naturally it was a great trial to him, but he bore it with such resignation and there ripened upon him during it all such spiritual graces that his friends regarded it a rare privilege to see him in his sick chamber. His window overlooked the broad and splendid Hudson River. As a friend sat with him one afternoon, looking upon river and hill and forest as they glowed in the changing light of the setting sun, Morse said: "I have been looking upon the river of my life. I thank God that it had such a beginning, that upon it has fallen such a sunshine; and I know whom I have believed and rejoice that so soon this river will flow out into the broad sea of an everlasting love."

One who knew him well writes of Morse: "In his whole character and in all his relations he was one of the most remarkable men of his

age. He was one who drew all who came in contact with him to his heart, disarming all prejudices, silencing all cavil. In his family he was light, life, and love; with those in his employ he was ever considerate and kind, never exacting and harsh, but honorable and just, seeking the good of every dependent; in the community he was a pillar of strength and duty, commanding the homage of universal respect; in the church he walked with God and men. He is not, for God hath taken him. Blessed for evermore his memory, and blessed those who saw and knew him not merely as the man of science and the Christian philosopher, but as the *man of God*."

The spiritual life of Professor Morse deepened and became still more beautiful as the time of his departure from the world drew near; his faith strengthened and his hopes brightened with the years. Writing, in 1868, from Dresden, to his grandson, he says: "The nearer I approach to the end of my pilgrimage, the clearer is the evidence of the divine origin of the Bible; the grandeur and sublimity of God's remedy for fallen man are more appreciated, and the future is illumined with hope

and joy." And in a letter to his brother, dated from Paris, March 4, 1868, he says: "It cannot be long before all this will be gone. I feel daily the necessity of sitting looser to the world and taking stronger hold on heaven. The Saviour daily seems more precious; his love, his atonement, his divine power are themes which occupy my mind in the wakeful hours of the night and change the time of 'watching for the morning' from irksomeness to joyful communion with him."

Morse lived to a ripe old age, having numbered his fourscore years before the summons came. He met the call with unwavering faith and courage, and in response to a remark made by one of his tried friends concerning the goodness of God to him in the past he said, with cheerful and buoyant hope, "The best is yet to come."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS



CHAPTER IV.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

AFTER the death of John Quincy Adams a book was published, entitled "Letters of John Quincy Adams to His Son on the Bible and its Teachings." These letters were written during the younger life of Mr. Adams, while he was minister for the United States at St. Petersburg, Russia. His young son was in school in Massachusetts, and this brilliant lawyer and diplomatist thought there was no way in which he could help his boy so much as to rivet his mind on the importance of the Bible as the Word of God. He sought in these letters to inculcate a love and reverence for the Bible and a delight in its perusal and study. Throughout his long life Mr. Adams was himself a daily and devout reader of both the Old and the New Testaments, and delighted in comparing and considering them in the various languages with which he was familiar, hoping

thereby to acquire a nicer and clearer appreciation of their meaning. The Bible was emphatically his counsel and monitor through life, and the fruits of its guidance are seen in the unsullied character which he bore through the turbid waters of political contention to his final earthly rest. His political life was lived at a time when factional and party feeling ran high and when political abuse abounded; but the historian has said of him that he left no man behind him who would wish to fix a stain on the name he inscribed so high on the roll of his country's most gifted and illustrious sons.

These letters to his son are not only of great value because of their candid and reverent spirit, but especially because of the testimony so unconsciously borne by this statesman and scholar to the truth and excellency of the Christian faith and Scriptures.

John Quincy Adams was a practical Christian. This was proved by his spotless life, his strict honesty and integrity, his devotion to duty, his faithful obedience to the dictates of conscience at whatever sacrifice, his reverence of God and of Christ, his respect for

religion and its institutions, and his recognition of its claims and responsibilities.

For many years Mr. Adams was a member and one of the vice-presidents of the American Bible Society. In reply to an invitation to attend its anniversary in 1830, he wrote the following letter :

“SIR: Your letter of the twenty-second of March was duly received; and while regretting my inability to attend personally at the celebration of the anniversary of the institution on the thirteenth of next month, I pray you, sir, to be assured of the gratification which I have experienced in learning of the success which has attended the benevolent exertions of the American Bible Society.

“In the decease of Judge Washington they have lost an able and valuable associate, whose direct co-operation, not less than his laborious and exemplary life, contributed to promote the cause of the Redeemer. Yet not for him, nor for themselves by the loss of him, are they called to sorrow as without hope; for lives like his shine but as purer and brighter lights in the

world after the lamp which fed them is extinct.

“The distribution of Bibles, if the simplest, is not the least efficacious of the means of extending the blessings of the Gospel to the remotest corners of the earth; for the Comforter is in the sacred volume; and among the receivers of that million of copies distributed by the Society who shall number the multitudes awakened thereby, with good will to man in their hearts and with the song of the Lamb upon their lips?

“The hope of the Christian is inseparable from his faith. Whoever believes in the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures must hope that the religion of Jesus shall prevail throughout the earth. Never since the foundation of the world have the prospects of mankind been more encouraging to that hope than they appear to be at the present time. And may the associated distribution of the Bible proceed and prosper, till the Lord shall have made ‘bare his holy arm in the eyes of all nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.’

“With many respects to the Board of Mana-

gers, please to accept the good wishes of your friend and fellow-citizen,

“JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.”

Throughout the life of Mr. Adams he lived in harmony with the spirit of this letter. In his old age, during a visit to Niagara Falls, he went one Sabbath morning to visit a remnant of the Tuscarora Indians and to attend divine worship with them. At the conclusion of the sermon the ex-President of the United States was invited to make an address to the Indians. A report made at the time has this paragraph:

“Mr. Adams alluded to his advanced age and said this was the first time he had ever looked upon their beautiful fields and forests; that he was truly happy to meet them there and join with them in the worship of our common Parent; reminded them that in years past he had addressed them from the position which he then occupied, in language at once that of his station and his heart, as ‘his children;’ and that now, as a private citizen, he hailed them, in terms of equal warmth and endearment, as his ‘brethren and sisters.’ He alluded, with

a simple eloquence which seemed to move the Indians much, to the equal care and love with which God regards all his children, whether savage or civilized. He touched briefly and forcibly on the topics of the sermon which they had heard and concluded with a beautiful and touching benediction upon them."

In 1831 John Quincy Adams wrote the hymn which was sung at the celebration of the Fourth of July at his home in Quincy, Mass. I quote these verses as peculiarly suggestive of his Christian faith, though the entire hymn breathes the same spirit:

Sing to the Lord a song of praise;
Assemble, ye who love his name;
Let congregated millions raise
Triumphant glory's loud acclaim.
From earth's remotest region come;
Come, greet your Maker and your King;
With harp, with timbrel, and with drum,
His praise let hill and valley sing.
Go forth in arms; Jehovah reigns;
Their graves let foul oppressors find;
Bind all their sceptered kings in chains;
Their peers with iron fetters bind.
Then to the Lord shall praise ascend;
Then all mankind, with one accord,
And freedom's voice, till time shall end,
In pealing anthems, praise the Lord.

I turn from this patriotic but intensely religious composition to one of the tenderest and sweetest little poems in all our American literature, which shows with what simplicity of faith and love the scholar and the politician had been sitting at the feet of Jesus as he listened to his teaching concerning the immortality of little children. The following is a quotation from his poem on "The Death of Children:"

Sure, to the mansions of the blest
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel brighter than the rest
The spotless spirit's flight attends.

On wings of ecstasy they rise,
Beyond where worlds material roll,
Till some fair sister of the skies
Receives the unpolluted soul.

There at the Almighty Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
The choirs of infant seraphs stand,
And dazzling shine where all are bright.

The inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth:

Closed is the dark abode of clay,
The stream of glory faintly burns,
Nor unobscured the lucid ray
To its own native fount returns.

But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death,
Which speeds an infant to the tomb,

No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame;
Back to its God the living fire
Returns, unsullied, as it came.

I am sure we will all agree with his biographer, William H. Seward, that the heart which could turn aside from the conflicts of the political world, and utter sentiments so chaste and tender, revealing a spiritual mindedness rarely beautiful, must have been the residence of the sweetest and noblest emotions of man.

The end of life came to John Quincy Adams, as he desired, in the midst of his work. Rising as if to address the Speaker from his seat in the House of Representatives, in Washington, he was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and two days later he bade farewell to earth. His last words were, "This is the last of earth! I am content!"

Among the many tributes paid to John Quincy Adams none were more tender and appreciative than those that were offered by his political foes. Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, closed his eloquent eulogy with these words: "But the last Sabbath, and in this hall he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs, and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God."

His colleague from Massachusetts, Mr. Davis, said in his address in the House of Representatives: "It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart to die like Chat-ham, in the midst of his labors. It was a sublime thought that where he had toiled in the House of the Nation, in hours of the day devoted to its service, the stroke of death should reach him and there sever the ties of love and patriotism which bound him to earth. He fell in his seat, attacked by paralysis, of which he had before been a subject. To describe the scene which ensued would be impossible. It was more than a spontaneous gush of feeling which all such events call forth, so much to the honor of our nature. It was

the expression of reverence for his moral worth, of admiration for his great intellectual endowments, and veneration for his age and public services. All gathered around the sufferer, and the strong sympathy and deep feeling which were manifested showed that the business of the House (which instantly adjourned) was forgotten amid the distressing anxieties of the moment. He was soon removed to the apartment of the Speaker, where he remained surrounded by afflicted friends till the weary clay resigned its immortal spirit. 'This is the end of earth!' Brief but emphatic words. They were the last uttered by the dying Christian."

JAMES A. GARFIELD



CHAPTER V.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

ON a dark, rainy night in 1847, as the *Evening Star* was leaving a long reach of black water in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, a boy was called out of his berth to take his turn in tending the bowline. Bundling himself out of bed, his eyes only half opened, he took his place on the narrow platform, below the bow deck, and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat so that it might pass through a lock it was approaching. Sleepily and slowly he unwound the coil till it knotted and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast, then another and a stronger pull, and it gave way, but sent him over the bow of the boat into the water. Down he went into the dark night and still darker water, and the *Evening Star* glided on to bury him in a watery grave. No human help was near. God only

could save him and he only by a miracle. So the boy thought as he went down, saying the prayer his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope he sank below the surface; but then it tightened in his grasp and held firmly. Seizing it, hand over hand he drew himself up on deck, a live boy among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice and proved his salvation. Was it the rope or the prayer of his loving mother that saved him? The boy did not know; but long after the boat had passed the lock he stood there in his dripping clothes pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice, but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times he tried—six hundred it is said—and then sat down and reflected: “I have thrown this rope six hundred times; I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, so there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds Providence alone could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving, and if that is so, I won’t throw it away on a canal boat.

"I'll go home, get an education, and become a man."

Straightway he acted on the resolution, and not long after stood before his mother's log cottage in what was then the Cuyahoga wilderness. It was late at night, but by the fire-light that came through the window he saw his mother kneeling before an open Bible which lay on a chair in the corner. She was reading, but her eyes were off the page, and she was looking up as if quoting the Scripture back again to God, and these were the words he heard: "O turn unto me, and have mercy upon me; give thy strength unto thy servant, and save the son of thine handmaid!"

He opened the door, put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said we do not know; but there by her side he gave back to God the life which he had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted.

That boy was James A. Garfield, later the distinguished soldier, congressman, senator, and President of the United States.

Soon after the experience we have related

young Garfield proceeded to carry out his resolution to get an education. And in March, 1850, during a series of evangelistic meetings, he united with the Church of the Disciples and was baptized in a little stream that flows into the Chagrin River. This final decision and public confession of his faith in Christ was brought about by a quiet, sweet-tempered man who held a series of meetings in the school-house near the Garfield homestead and told in the plainest manner and with the most straightforward earnestness the story of the Gospel.

The openess of young Garfield's mind, very remarkable for a young man yet under twenty, may be seen in the reasons which he gave for choosing to go to Williams College instead of Bethany College, an institution sustained by the church of which he was a member and presided over by Alexander Campbell, the man above all others he had been taught to admire and revere. These are the reasons, as he gave them in a letter to a friend: "There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: First, the course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in Eastern colleges. Second, Bethany leans too heavily toward

slavery. Third, I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views, and, having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle, where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college."

Garfield took a fine standing in Williams College, and his religious character was as well understood as his intellectual power and ability. He became a contributor to and afterwards editor of the *Williams Quarterly*, the college magazine. A quotation from one of these articles, entitled, "The Province of History," reveals his strong and intelligent Christian faith at this time: "For every village, state, and nation there is an aggregate of native talent which God has given and by which, together with his Providence, he leads that nation on, and thus leads the world. In the light of these truths we affirm that no man can understand the history of any nation or of the world who does not recognize in it the

power of God and behold his stately goings forth as he walks among the nations. It is his hand that is moving the vast superstructure of human history, and though but one of the windows were unfurnished, like that of the Arabian palace, yet all the powers of earth could never complete it without the aid of the Divine Architect.

“To employ another figure—the world’s history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discord of roaring cannon and dying men, yet to the Christian, philosopher, and historian—the humbler listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. The record of every orphan’s sigh, of every widow’s prayer, of every noble deed, of every honest heart-throb for the right is swelling that gentle strain; and when at last the great end is attained—when the lost image of God is restored to the human soul, when the church anthems can be pealed forth without a discordant note—then will angels

join in the chorus and all the sons of God again 'Shout for joy.' "

On leaving college Garfield was at first a professor in and a little later president of the college at Hiram, Ohio. The Church of the Disciples is accustomed to accord large liberty of speaking to its laymen, and so it came to be a recognized part of the young college president's life to preach a brief sermon to his pupils every Sunday. In later days many of the students of that time looked back to those Sunday morning talks as the vital religious influence which molded their young lives and established them in the Christian faith.

It is not the object of this article in any way to follow the life of Garfield as a biographer would do. But into the legislature, and on into the civil war, where he was swept soon after, through his growing career as a soldier, Garfield never forgot his religion. His first recourse in every emergency of life was to the Bible and to God. One of his biographers says of him that when Governor Dennison of Ohio offered Garfield the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment, he did not accept the tendered command

hastily. He by no means grasped the glitter of command with the avidity of an aspirant for honors. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pondered upon the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. If he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Bible about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative, and toward the next morning he wrote to a friend: "I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

Many stories are told of the way Garfield carried his Christian faith into the army camp, in association with his fellow officers and in the command of his troops. Again and again, after a battle, it was his custom to go among the dying and the wounded and talk with men in sore trouble about the Christ who was able to comfort and save them.

One of the notable occasions on which Garfield's Christian faith shone forth with extraordinary sublimity was in New York City the morning after Lincoln's assassination. There

was a great mass-meeting gathered in the street in front of the Exchange Building. Nearly a hundred generals, judges, statesmen, lawyers, editors, clergymen, and others were gathered in a reception room looking out on a massive balcony, where the speakers were to stand. The meeting took a bad turn. The mob was stirred to riot; there was a spirit of vengeance in the air. One man lay dead, another was dying, and the mob began to cry for the destruction of the *World* office. If it had once got started, murder and ruin would have spread everywhere. Then it was that a man went to the front. He held a telegram in his hand, and waved it above the heads of the excited throng. He caught their eyes and ears by shouting, "Another telegram from Washington." And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out: "Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establish-

ment of his throne! Mercy and truth shall go before his face! Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground with awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. As their passions cooled men turned to one another inquiring the name of the man who had wrought such wonders by his sublime words quoted from God's truth, and those who knew answered, "It is General James A. Garfield, of Ohio."

WILLIAM McKINLEY



CHAPTER VI.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

THE mother of William McKinley was a woman of rarely beautiful character. It was her prayer and her desire that her son William should be a preacher of the Gospel; and though the great weight of his life was to be given in other directions, he was for many years a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and throughout his entire life he gave continuous and powerful testimony to the fact of his personal faith in God, in the divine inspiration of the Bible, and in Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

When young McKinley was fifteen years of age he moved with his parents to Poland, Ohio. There was a little academy at this town, and here the future statesman and President received such academic instruction as was to serve for his life work. It was here that he made his first public profession of faith in Christ.

In 1856 Rev. A. D. Morton, a Methodist itinerant preacher, was appointed to the church in Poland, Ohio. It was a lovely little country town. It had that pleasant, intelligent, thoroughly moral and religious atmosphere which often pervades the country college town. Small as the town was, there were three churches, a college, and a law-school. The pastor in such a town finds not only his most delightful but his most important work in seeking to know and help the students of the college. Among the first young men Pastor Morton became acquainted with was William McKinley. He was a genial, kind-spirited young man and showed that quality of unselfish gentleness in dealing with every one who came in contact with him which was as fascinating in his boyhood as it was in later days at the White House.

During the winter Mr. Morton decided on holding a series of revival meetings and earnestly prosecuted the work, preaching night after night, and especially interesting himself in winning the young students who were at such a critical period of their lives to make a definite decision for Christ. William Mc-

Kinley attended the meetings, but had made no move whatever toward personal acceptance of the invitations offered until, one evening, without any excitement or previous intimation, he quietly arose and announced his intention of beginning then and there a Christian life.

Mr. Morton, who still lives, remembers very distinctly some of the sentences he uttered. Among them were these: "God is the being above all to be loved and served;" "Religion seems to me to be the best thing in all the world;" "Here I take my stand for life." What splendid sentences they are! Many young men who are "almost persuaded," but have not yet made the great decision, might well ponder these words of this man, the merit of whose manhood came in later years to be recognized by a world-wide appreciation.

Throughout his entire public life William McKinley remained faithful to that confession and vow which he registered among his classmates in the little academy church. There was never any question concerning his religious principles, for he gave the most devout heed to the Word of God, attending the ser-

vices of the church with the greatest regularity, entering into the singing of the hymns and the other services of divine worship with manifest earnestness and sincerity.

During the time President McKinley was in the White House I was making a long trip by train when I fell into conversation with a fellow passenger, himself a man widely known throughout the country and who was of a different political faith from that of the then President of the United States. He related to me a conversation which he in turn had had with another man who had been very bitterly opposed to the President in politics and had entertained for him, politically, very harsh feelings because of differences with him in matters of public importance. But this man had never seen the President until, shortly before going to the East on business, he had stopped over for a first visit to the city of Washington.

On Sunday morning, drawn by curiosity, and retaining his severely critical feeling concerning the President, he visited the church where Mr. McKinley was accustomed to worship. It was Communion Sunday morning,

and, said this man to his friend, "I watched the President. I watched his face while he sang; I gave close attention to his countenance and attitude during all the opening service, and his interest in the earnest words which were spoken before the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. And after a while, when I saw William McKinley get up from his place and go and kneel down at the altar, humbly, with the rest, and reverently take the Communion, and then, when he arose, quietly wipe away the traces of emotion from his eyes, his whole countenance and attitude showing the deepest religious emotion, I confess to you that I felt a great change coming over myself, and I said to myself, 'A country which has a man like that at the head of its affairs is not so badly off, after all.' "

McKinley's pastor in his home town of Canton, Ohio, where he attended church whenever at home, and where his membership remained until his death, had this to say of his Christian character: "Another beauty in the character of our President, which was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word

that was true. His confidence in God was strong and unwavering; it held him steady in many a storm, where others were driven before the wind and tossed. He believed in the Fatherhood of God and in his sovereignty. His faith in the Gospel of Christ was deep and abiding. It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the Gospel and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus which guided him in the performance of greater duties and vaster responsibilities than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God."

The death of William McKinley, after being struck down by the hand of the assassin, will ever remain as a sublime testimony to the divinity of Christianity. Mr. James Creelman, in his book, "On the Great Highway," gives an authorized version of the stricken President's

last words. It is one of the most marvelous illustrations in history of the power of Jesus Christ to give perfect rest to the soul in its greatest emergency. In the afternoon of his last day on earth, McKinley began to realize that his life was slipping away, and that the efforts of science could not save him. He asked the family physician to bring the surgeons. One by one they entered, and approached the bedside. When they were gathered about him, the President opened his eyes and said: "It is useless, gentlemen; I think we ought to have prayer." Then the dying man crossed his hands on his breast, and half-closed his eyes. There was a beautiful smile on his countenance. The surgeons bowed their heads. Tears streamed from the eyes of the white-clad nurses on either side of the bed. "Our Father, which art in heaven," said the President, in a clear, steady voice. The lips of the surgeons moved, "Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done—" the sobbing of a nurse disturbed the still air. The President opened his eyes and closed them again. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." A long sigh. The sands of life were running swiftly. He

began again: "Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Another silence. The surgeons looked at the dying face and the trembling lips. "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen." "Amen," whispered the surgeons.

A little later the President was conscious again. He asked for his wife. Presently she came to him, leaning feebly on the arm of his secretary. As she reached the side of her husband and lover—who had read to her every day at twilight for years from the Bible—she sank into a chair, and, leaning her frail form over the white counterpane, took his hands in hers and kissed them.

The President's eyes were closed. His breath came slowly. As he felt the touch of his wife's lips, he smiled. It was to be their last meeting on earth. "Good-by! Good-by, all." The wife gazed into the white face and struggled for the strength to bear it. "It is God's way. His will, not ours, be done." The President turned his face slightly toward his wife. A look of ineffable love shone in the

haggard features. Once more he spoke: "Nearer, my God to thee"—his soul was on his lips. His face was radiant. "E'en though it be a cross"—There was a moment of utter silence. "That has been my inextinguishable prayer." His voice was almost inaudible. "It is God's way." It was the last thought and the last word of the gentle and noble McKinley on earth. He awoke in heaven. He had rest.

EMMA WILLARD



CHAPTER VII.

EMMA WILLARD.

EMMA WILLARD was one of the few women whose names received votes for a place in the Hall of Fame. Her biographer, Dr. John Lord, in summarizing her claims to immortality in the hearts of her fellow citizens, declares that her peculiar glory is in giving impulse to the cause of female education. In this cause she rendered priceless services. When we remember the institutions she founded and conducted, the six thousand young ladies whom she educated, and many of them gratuitously; when we bear in mind the numerous books she wrote to be used in schools, and the great favor with which these books have generally been received; when we think of the ceaseless energy, in various ways, which she put forth, for more than half a century, to elevate her sex, it would be difficult to find a woman who in her age or country was more useful or who will

be longer remembered as both good and great. Not for original genius, not for any immortal work of art, not for a character free from blemishes and faults does she claim an exalted place among women, but as a benefactor of her country and of her sex, in those things which shed luster around homes and give dignity to the human soul.

Emma Willard was deeply religious, and never lost sight of the highest and noblest things in her educational work. Here is a beautiful hymn which she composed, and which was sung by her pupils at the close of a most thorough examination :

O Thou, the First, the Last, the Best !
To Thee the grateful song we raise,
Convinced that all our works should be
Begun and ended with Thy praise.

It is from Thee the thought arose
When chants the nun or vestal train,
That praise is sweeter to Thine ear
When virgin voices hymn the strain.

Lord, bless to us this parting scene ;
Sister to sister bids farewell ;
They wait to bear us to our homes,
With tender parents there to dwell.

Oh, may we ever live to Thee!

Then, as we leave earth's care-worn road,
Angels shall wait to take our souls
And bear them to our Father, God.

An interesting occasion in the life of Emma Willard occurred in connection with the visit of General Lafayette to this country in 1825. His services in the cause of American independence, his friendship with Washington, his labors in behalf of constitutional liberty in France, his sufferings in an Austrian prison, and the mingled gallantry and sentiment, allied with rank, which early gave him prominence and fame, made him an idol to the American people. It is doubtful if popular enthusiasm has ever been so great over any visitor to this country.

Emma Willard was enthusiastic to the highest degree, and the coming of General Lafayette to Troy, N. Y., as a visitor to her school, made an epoch in her life. She wrote for the occasion two verses, which were sung in his honor by the young ladies of the school. In the second verse she does not fail to bear testimony to her faith in the atoning sacrifice of her Saviour. Both verses are of peculiar interest:

And art thou, then, dear hero, come?
And do our eyes behold the man
Who nerved his arm and bared his breast
For us, ere yet our life began?
For us and for our native land
Thy youthful valor dared the war;
And now, in winter of thine age,
Thou'st come, and left thy loved ones far.
Then deep and dear thy welcome be,
Nor think thy daughters far from thee.
Columbia's daughters, lo! we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.

But was't our country's rights alone
Impelled Fayette to Freedom's van?
No, 'twas the love of human kind—
It was the sacred cause of man;
It was benevolence sublime,
Like that which sways the Eternal Mind!
And, Benefactor of the world,
He shed his blood for all mankind.
Then deep and dear thy welcome be,
Nor think thy daughters far from thee.
Daughters of human kind, we bend,
And claim to call thee father, friend.

General Lafayette was affected to tears by this reception and at the close of the singing said: "I cannot express what I feel on this occasion; but will you, Madam, present me with three copies of those lines, to be given by me, as from you, to my three daughters?"

The sympathies of Emma Willard, like those of Lafayette whom she so warmly admired, went out to oppressed and needy people everywhere. She became deeply interested in the cause of Greece, and in an address delivered in 1833 she said: "Where is there a child so noble in its lineage as Greece? Where does the sun shine upon a people so bright in native intellect? With the advantages of instruction, with the renovating light of pure Christianity, Greece may again lead the nations of Europe not merely to eminence in arts and arms, but, by moral regeneration, to the glorious liberty of the sons of God. If it be infatuation to be zealous in such a cause, I desire to be infatuated. If it be infatuation to be moved with compassion for degraded and imploring humanity, who of us, my brothers and sisters, would not wish to follow through such infatuation the steps of our blessed Master?"

Emma Willard was a woman of the loftiest patriotism, and that patriotism was always Christian. Her "National Hymn" deserves, in my judgment, at least equal appreciation with good Dr. Smith's "America." It ought

to be in all the hymn books. The sentiment is lofty and the hymn is sublimely reverent. The verses are as follows :

God save America !
God grant our standard may,
Where'er it wave,
Follow the just and right,
Foremost be in the fight,
And glorious still in might
Our own to save.

Chorus—Father Almighty,
Humbly we crave,
Save Thou America,
Our country save !

God keep America—
Of nations great and free,
Man's noblest friend :
Still with the ocean bound
Our continent around,
Each State in place be found,
Till time shall end.

God bless America—
As in our fathers' day,
So evermore !
God grant all discord cease,
Kind brotherhoods increase,
And truth and love breathe peace
From shore to shore !

In Emma Willard's case the promise of the Psalmist that the righteous shall bear fruit in old age was splendidly realized. To the close of her long and useful life she maintained her youthful vivacity, her enthusiasm of spirit, and her power to work. Her diary the last year of her life still notes the sermon she heard on Sunday. It is interesting to note that she recorded in her diary every sermon she heard during the last thirty years of her life. She attended lectures and the examinations at the Seminary up to within a short time before her death, with as much interest as she had taken twenty years before. She never lost her taste for reading or her interest in public affairs. She still took long drives and received visits from friends and read new books which were famous. Every Sunday evening she collected around her hospitable board her children and grandchildren and great grandchildren, as well as others among her intimate friends, and heard them repeat passages of Scripture. This was a habit of many years, and beautiful were those family reunions; but the most beautiful thing about them was the venerable figure of the benignant old lady entering into every sub-

ject of interest with the sympathy of youth and receiving from all the profoundest reverence and respect.

Thus orderly, harmoniously, honorably, happily, did this noble woman, when eighty years had rolled over her life, pass her declining days. She died April 15, 1870, at the age of eighty-three, after a life of usefulness and happiness, honored and beloved by all classes and by a numerous circle of friends. A distinguished educator said of her at the time of her death: "In the fulness of age she approached the termination of life with the calmness of Christian philosophy and the faith of a true believer. When the last hour came, the final struggle was marked by fortitude and resignation, and the twilight of one life was but the morning rays of another. The place of her death was the old Seminary Building, at Troy. Here, half a century ago, she founded an institution which has been an honor to our age and country. Here she taught the true philosophy of living and dying—works done in faith and faith made practical in works. Here she inspired thousands of her own sex, for the common benefit of us all, with an ardent love of knowledge,

with a profound reverence for the great truths of religion, and with the aspiration of duty to be done; and here she impressed upon them the nobility of her own nature."

I do not know how better to bring to a close this remembrance of the Christian character and life of Emma Willard than to recall her "Ocean Hymn," which will perhaps be longest remembered of anything she wrote:

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!

In ocean-cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

DANIEL WEBSTER



CHAPTER VIII.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S first text-book was the Bible, and he read it as far back as he could remember. Rufus Choate, in his great eulogy delivered before the Boston Bar, referred to the "training of the giant infancy on Catechism and Bible, and Watts' version of the Psalms."

William T. Davis, who knew Mr. Webster well, and who has recently written of him, declares that he was a man of the deepest religious feeling and was as familiar with the Bible as with the Constitution of the United States. It was his regular habit on Sunday morning to gather his household in his library, and after reading from the Scriptures to address them on the responsible duties of life.

In his boyhood Daniel Webster joined the orthodox Congregational Church in Salisbury,

N. H., under the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Worcester. When he removed to Portsmouth, N. H., he carried a letter to the orthodox Congregational Church in that town, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. Joseph Buckminster. On removing to Boston, Mr. Webster seems to have attended for a time on the ministry of Rev. Joseph Stevens Buckminster, a son of his former pastor in Portsmouth, who was now pastor of the Unitarian Brattle Street Church of Boston. He attended this church, however, but three years, when he became one of the founders of the St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church. He attended the meetings of its organizers and was one of the building committee in the construction of St. Paul's Church on Tremont Street. He occupied pew No. 25. Mr. Webster seems to have kept in touch with this church for the rest of his life. His son Charles, who died in 1824, his first wife, who died in 1828, and his son Edward, who died in Mexico in 1848, were buried in the vaults of St. Paul's Church, though afterward removed to Marshfield.

Bishop Henry B. Whipple, in his "Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate," says that

his aunt, Mrs. George Whipple, a niece of Daniel Webster, told him that when her uncle was staying at John Taylor's, in New Hampshire, he attended the little village church morning and evening. Another United States Senator came to visit him while he was there and said to him, "Mr. Webster, I am surprised that you go twice on Sunday to hear a plain country preacher when you pay little attention to far abler sermons in Washington."

"In Washington," Mr. Webster replied, "they preach to Daniel Webster, the statesman; but this man has been telling Daniel Webster, the sinner, of Jesus of Nazareth, and it has been helping him."

There has been a great deal printed in recent years to give the impression that Daniel Webster was much given to dissipation, even to the extent of drunkenness. We are told of saloon-keepers who have Daniel Webster's bust in their windows, and the liquor traffic and people who are of a convivial turn have taken great interest in increasing and deepening that impression. That the belief is utterly unfounded no honest man who will faithfully search out the evidence can doubt. Rev. Edward Everett

Hale, D.D., is surely a good witness. His testimony would be held anywhere in America as of the highest import on a question of fact with which he was well acquainted. Here is what Dr. Hale has to say on the subject:

“Between the years 1826 and 1852, when he died, I must have seen him thousands of times. I must have read thousands of letters from him. I have been I know not how often at his house. My father, as I say, was his intimate friend. Now it was to me a matter of the utmost personal surprise when I found gradually growing up in this country the impression that Mr. Webster was often, not to say generally, overcome with liquor in the latter years of his life. I should say that now a third part of the anecdotes of him which you find afloat have reference to occasions when it was supposed that, under the influence of whiskey, he did not know what he was doing. I would like to say, therefore, that in the course of twenty-six years, running from the time when I was four years old to the time when I was thirty, I never had a dream or thought that he cared anything about wine or liquor—certainly I never sup-

posed that he used it to excess. What is more, I know that my own father, who lived to the year 1864, heard such stories as these with perfect disgust and indignation. This is a good place to print my opinion that this class of stories has been nourished, partly carelessly and partly from worse motives, and they are not to be taken as real indications of the habit or life of the man."

No one who will read the final will and testament of Mr. Webster and note the spirit in which he faced death and eternity can doubt the depth and sincerity of his religious convictions. It was evidently his earnest wish to leave behind him no doubt of his faith in the truth of Christianity. He opened his will with these solemn paragraphs:

"In the name of Almighty God! I, Daniel Webster of Marshfield, in the County of Plymouth, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, being now confined to my house with a serious illness, which, considering my time of life, is undoubtedly critical; but being nevertheless in the full possession of my mental

faculties, do make and publish this, my last will and testament :

“I commit my soul into the hands of my heavenly Father, trusting in his infinite goodness and mercy.

“I direct that my mortal remains be buried in the family vault at Marshfield, where monuments are already erected to my deceased children and their mother. Two places are marked for other monuments of exactly the same size and form. One of these, in proper time, is for me ; and perhaps I may leave an epitaph. The other is for Mrs. Webster. Her ancestors and all her kindred lie in a far distant city. My hope is that after many years she may come to my side and join me and others whom God hath given me.

“I wish to be buried without the least show or ostentation, but in a manner respectful to my neighbors, whose kindness has contributed so much to the happiness of me and mine, and for whose prosperity I offer sincere prayers to God.”

The epitaph which Mr. Webster referred to in his will as one he would possibly prepare is

now engraved on his monument at Marshfield.
It reads as follows :

DANIEL WEBSTER,

Born January 18, 1782,

Died October 24, 1852,

*Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief
Philosophical argument, especially that
drawn from the vastness of the universe
in comparison with the apparent insignifi-
cance of this globe, has sometimes shaken
my reason for the faith which is in me;
but my heart has always assured and re-
assured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ
must be a Divine Reality. The Sermon
on the Mount cannot be a mere human
production. This belief enters into the
very depth of my conscience. The whole
history of man proves it.*

After Mr. Webster had finished his will, which was a very lengthy and perplexing paper, he said: "I thank God for strength to perform a sensible act." He then engaged in prayer. During that prayer, he was heard to utter this sentence, "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins,

and receive me to thyself through Christ Jesus." He concluded his prayer with this exclamation, "And now unto God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be praise for evermore. Peace on earth, and good will toward men. That is the happiness, the essence—good will toward men."

A most curious incident in reference to the death of Daniel Webster is the fact that he seemed to have resolved to watch the process of his own dissolution, to employ his intellectual faculties in scrutinizing the successive steps of progress of that mysterious and wondrous change which takes place when the soul severs the bonds which bind it to its tenement of clay. This explains Mr. Webster's last words, uttered after all other indications of life had disappeared. As if intending to assure those who were near him that though his body was dying his mind did not share in its decay he said, with his last expiring breath, "I still live!"

Webster still lives as an inspiration to the new generation which he apostrophized in his splendid Plymouth oration: "Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession to fill the places

which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!"

M A R Y L Y O N



CHAPTER IX.

MARY LYON.

IN writing the story of the religious life of Mary Lyon, one of the greatest Christian educators in American history, the chief difficulty lies in the embarrassment of resources.

Miss Lyon, though reared in a Christian home, had not given herself definitely to the Christian life until she went to attend Rev. Joseph Emerson's school in Byfield, Mass. Though a believer, she did not take any stand in the school until a weekly prayer-meeting was appointed by Mr. Emerson, to which all Christians were invited. This caused Mary much agitation of mind, for she felt that there was the dividing line. She must now class herself with the children of God or with those who knew him not. She said that she had too long denied Christ before men, while her conscience testified that the friends of God were her chosen companions. After much

deliberation she concluded to attend the meeting, and she never regretted her decision.

While still very young, Miss Lyon wrote a letter to her sister on the Fourth of July, revealing not only the strength of her thought and the intensity of her patriotism, but especially the deep bed-rock of Christian faith which undergirded all her thinking: "This day, you will recollect, completes half a century since the Declaration of our Independence. How interesting must be the reflections of those few who can remember that eventful day! And to every one the events of our history must be an exciting theme. Who, on the face of the earth, fifty years ago, could have anticipated such results? It is true that Washington, and almost all Americans who lived in the days of Washington, hoped for independence. But did they look forward to this time, and anticipate such a nation as this? Must not all believe that 'promotion comes neither from the East, nor from the West, nor from the South; but God is the Judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up another'? Must not all exclaim, 'This is the finger of God'?"

The spirituality of her mind is clearly revealed in a letter written two years later than this last quotation. It is a letter to one of her friends in which, referring to her own spiritual life, she says: "I feel that there is one way, and only one, in which I can guard against this easily besetting sin, and that is, to seek daily the presence of Him who can turn the hearts of all as the rivers of water are turned. I have been too much inclined to seek to direct my own path. May I be saved from this. The Lord in his great mercy has given me a field of labor; so that for several years I have not doubted about the path of duty. The privilege of laboring is to be more and more precious. I would not choose the spot. I would not choose the circumstances. To be able to do something is a privilege of which I am altogether unworthy. Should I be laid aside, as a useless servant, it would be just. I would humbly seek that I may be permitted to labor faithfully and successfully, that I may be saved from those temptations which my feeble heart cannot withstand, and that I may be blessed with whatever may be desirable for health of body, and health of mind, and for

general usefulness. For little else of this world do I feel at present that I ought to ask. May I be the Lord's—spirit, and soul, and body."

As time went on, and Mary Lyon became more and more intrenched in a school of her own, her spiritual life deepened and her activities were intensified in two or three very important ways. She became greatly impressed with the importance of instruction in Bible truths, exceedingly interested in the conversion of her pupils, and more and more impressed with the importance of great liberality and self-sacrifice for the promotion of the work of foreign missions. I think she was one of the pioneers in what is now quite common in many Christian colleges—expecting revivals in the school and definitely laboring for the conversion of students as the most important part of the college work.

One autumn, during Miss Lyon's residence in Ipswich, Mass., she wrote her mother a letter in which she said: "The religious state of our school is interesting and has been so for several weeks. The Spirit of God is evidently among us, operating on the hearts of our dear pupils. The work is silent and grad-

ual, but the effects are certain; and that it is the work of God there can be no doubt. Eight or nine have indulged hope that they have found the Saviour, and the state of many others is very encouraging. So far the work has been slow; but the way seems all prepared by the Holy Spirit for richer and more abundant displays of mercy. It does appear that the fields are white already to the harvest. The blessing seems just ready to descend upon us. If there is no Achan in the camp, if there is no stumbling-block in the way, if there is not a manifest and decided fault on the part of Christians, we shall probably see greater things than these. Perhaps the Lord may put it into the heart of my dear mother to pray for these souls, that prayer of faith which God will hear in heaven, his holy dwelling place, and answer on earth."

This last request of her mother was the characteristic precedent to all the great revivals in Mary Lyon's schools. It was her custom in the autumn to write to her dear Christian friends in all parts of the country and enlist them to pray for the spiritual condition of her school. She had wonderful faith in prayer,

and the results marvelously justified her faith.

The next spring following the above letter to her mother she wrote to her sister a letter containing this remarkable paragraph: "I have never witnessed such an improvement in moral character, in ardent desire to possess meekness, humility, patience, and perseverance. A spirit of benevolence has seemed to reign among us to such a degree that selfishness has appeared to most of our little community somewhat in its own character. . . . Many intelligent, refined young ladies, brought up in the lap of indulgence, thought they would be willing to go to the remotest corner of the world and teach a school among the most degraded and ignorant, might it only be said of them by their Master, as it was said of one of old, 'She hath done what she could.' But, more than all, we have been visited by the influence of the Holy Spirit. Soon after the commencement of the school the gentle dews began to descend, and continued to increase until the last week, when we were blessed with a plentiful and refreshing shower. More than thirty expressed the hope that they

had found the Saviour precious to their souls. At the commencement of the term more than forty indulged in this hope."

One source of Mary Lyon's power in developing Christian character in her pupils was that she not only lived a Christian life herself, but also regularly studied and taught the Bible as much as anything else. Her manner was simple. There was not the slightest appearance of speaking for effect or trying to speak eloquently; but her intense faith and earnestness pervaded every word and made her a powerful speaker. Dr. Hitchcock, a former president of Amherst College, says that the vividness with which she evidently saw and felt the very truths she was uttering was one secret of her power. If she had ever a fleeting doubt of the certainty of future retribution, that doubt was never known or suspected by her most intimate friends. The foundations of her faith never wavered. The principles of the Christian religion seemed interwoven in the fibers of her soul. The world to come was as present to her thoughts as this world to her eyes. Her confidence in God was as simple and true as a child's in its

mother. She felt the Saviour to be present with her, her friend, her counselor, her adviser, sustaining and directing her as really as though she had seen him at her side, had leaned bodily on his arm, had heard his lips respond to her petitions, and seen his wounded but almighty hands reach down deliverance.

Mary Lyon had broad and noble ideas concerning the necessity for the education of women and the possible blessings that would come from it to the world. On one occasion, when she was under the strain of great effort to obtain needed help for Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, she wrote a letter to a leading minister, in the course of which she said: "Woman, elevated by the Christian religion, was designed by Providence as the principal educator of our race. From her entrance on womanhood to the end of her life this is to be her great business. By her influence not only her female friends, her scholars, and her daughters are to be affected, but also her sons, her brothers, the young men around her, and even the elder men, not excepting her father and his peers. Considering the qualifications which the mothers in our land now possess,

is there not a call for special effort from some quarter to render them aid in fitting their daughters to exert such an influence as is needed from this source on our infant republic, on our Christian country?"

Such a letter would not seem daring now, but it took a prophet to write it seventy-five years ago.

A little glimpse of Miss Lyon's thought about the Sabbath, as well as the use she put it to in the midst of her campaigns of soul-winning, is shown in this letter to a friend written in March, 1843: "A large number of hopeful conversions have occurred in three days, including the Sabbath. The Sabbath is of indescribable value to us. There can be no community to which it is more important. In times of revival it seems always to be the day that God delights peculiarly to honor. At other times it seems to be worth more than all other days in bringing the thoughts into captivity to the will of Christ."

I can only refer to her great work in behalf of foreign missions. So many missionaries went out from her seminary that worldly families became afraid to send their daughters

there to school, lest they should give themselves to Christian work. After her death one writer suggested the breadth of her missionary work in these words: "Is she missed? Scarcely a State in the American Union but contains those she trained. Long ere this, amid the hunting grounds of the Sioux and the villages of the Cherokees the tear of the missionary has wet the page which has told of Miss Lyon's departure. The Sandwich Islander will ask why his white teacher's eye is dim as she reads her American letters. The swarthy African will lament with his sorrowing guide who cries, 'Help, Lord, for the godly ceaseth.' The cinnamon groves of Ceylon and the palm trees of India overshadow her early deceased missionary pupils, while those left to bear the burden and heat of the day will wail the saint whose prayers and letters they so prized. Among the Nestorians of Persia and at the base of Mount Olympus will her name be breathed softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken."

H E N R Y C L A Y



CHAPTER X.

HENRY CLAY.

HENRY CLAY, like his great contemporary, Daniel Webster, has suffered by the anecdotal gossip which has grown up since his death. In many a story we are told that he was a gambler and a duellist. In his case it must be admitted that there is far more foundation in fact than for the stories which have pursued Webster. In Henry Clay's youth he partook largely of the works and habits of the people of his class at that time; and yet his biographers all agree that he never visited a gambling house in his life and was never seen at a gaming table set up for that purpose. In the early periods of his public career he did engage with his associates in society for the excitements of the games, but even during these years never allowed cards to be kept in his own house. That he did yield to occasional play in his youth is not more true than that

he always condemned the practice and for the last thirty years of his life abstained from it.

It is also true that twice in his younger life Henry Clay engaged in duels, the first with Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, and the second with John Randolph, of Roanoke. All that can be said about it is that it was at a time when the duello held the club over many men, and it was often true that a man had to choose between giving up his career and abiding by it. In later years Henry Clay regarded the laws of the so-called "code of honor" a violation of the rights of society and of God and deeply felt that his own experiences were blemishes on his career and regretted beyond words his part in them.

Many years before his death Mr. Clay definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour and made a public profession of Christianity at his home in Kentucky, where he was baptized in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and during the later years of his life in Washington he was in full communion with Trinity parish in that city. No one could have been more genuine, more sincere and frank about his beliefs, whether political or religious,

than Henry Clay. That oft-quoted declaration of his, "I would rather be right than be President," was a key to the man's character. Mr. Clay's belief in the Bible, his reverence for Christian institutions and for the Divine Will, was often illustrated both by his words and life.

In his farewell speech in the United States Senate in 1842, Mr. Clay said: "I have waited in perfect and undoubting confidence for the ultimate triumph of justice and truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be; and that whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of man, he to whom all hearts are open and fully known would by the inscrutable dispensations of his providence rectify all errors, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done."

In the opening of Mr. Clay's speech at Lexington, Ky., on his retirement to private life, soon after the above words had been uttered in the Senate, he said: "I feel that it is our first duty to express our obligations to a kind and bountiful Providence for the copious and genial showers with which he has blessed our

land—a refreshment of which it stood much in need. For one, I offer to him my humble, dutiful thanks.”

It was Mr. Clay’s habit, especially through the latter half of his life, on all proper occasions, in private and in public, to make a religious and reverential recognition of Divine Providence and to speak in the most respectful manner of Christianity, its rites and its institutions. He was also an habitual attendant on the public services of religion. On a Sunday evening, some time after the result of the Presidential election of 1844, which was the great political sunset of his life, had become known, while sitting at his own fireside with two friends, the dark prospects of the country being a topic for conversation, he said, pointing with his finger to the Bible which lay on the table—the only book there, showing the use that had been made of it: “Gentlemen, I do not know anything but that Book that can reconcile us to such events.”

In 1845, in writing to some Christian women of New Haven, Conn., who had made him a member of the American Home Missionary Society, Mr. Clay said: “I request you to

communicate to them [the ladies of the Missionary Society] my grateful acknowledgments for this distinguished proof of their highly appreciated esteem and regard and to assure them that I share with them a profound sense of the surpassing importance of the Christian religion, and believing, as I sincerely do, in its truth, I hope and trust that their laudable endeavors to promote and advance its cause may be crowned with signal success."

On the death of Henry Clay one of his colleagues from Kentucky, Mr. John C. Breckinridge, in his address to the House of Representatives, said: "But the approach of the destroyer had no terrors for him. No clouds overhung his future. He met the end with composure, and his pathway to the grave was brightened by the immortal hope which springs from the Christian faith.

"Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family, his friends, and his country, he changed the con-

versation to his own future, and looking on me with his fine eye undimmed and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said, 'I am not afraid to die, sir. I have hope, faith, and some confidence. I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Saviour.' "

Rev. Dr. Butler, who was chaplain of the United States Senate at the time of Mr. Clay's death, delivered a funeral discourse at the National Hotel, which was attended by the President of the United States, the chief officers of the Government, the diplomatic corps, and the members of the Senate and House of Representatives. His text was, "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!" (Jeremiah 48:17.) In that presence Dr. Butler related this interesting history of the religious experience of the last few weeks of the life of Henry Clay: "It is since his withdrawal from the sittings of the Senate that I have been made particularly acquainted with his religious opinions, character, and feelings. From his first illness he expressed to me the persuasion that it would be fatal. From

that period until his death it has been my privilege to hold with him frequent religious services and conversations. He averred to me his full faith in the great leading doctrines of the Gospel—the fall and sinfulness of man, the divinity of Christ, the reality and necessity of the atonement, the need of being born again by the Spirit, and salvation through faith in the crucified Redeemer. His own personal hopes of salvation he ever and distinctly based on the promises and the grace of Christ. Strikingly perceptible on his naturally impetuous and impatient character was the influence of grace in producing submission and ‘patient waiting for Christ’ and for death. On one occasion he spoke to me of the pious example of one very near and dear to him as that which led him deeply to feel and earnestly to seek for himself the reality and blessedness of religion. At another time he told me that he had been striving to form a conception of heaven; and he enlarged upon the mercy of that provision by which our Saviour became a partaker of our humanity, that our hearts and hopes might fix themselves on him. On another occasion, when he was supposed to be

very near his end, I expressed to him the hope that his mind and heart were at peace and that he was able to rest with cheerful confidence on the promises and merits of the Redeemer. He said with much feeling that he endeavored to and trusted that he did repose his salvation upon Christ; that it was too late for him to look at Christianity in the light of speculation; that he had never doubted its truths; and that he now wished to throw himself upon it as a practical and blessed remedy. Very soon after this I administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Being extremely feeble, desirous of having his mind undiverted, no persons were present but his son and servant. It was a scene long to be remembered—there, in that still chamber, at a week-day noon, the tides of life all flowing strong around us, three disciples of the Saviour—the minister of God, the dying statesman, and his servant, a partaker of the like precious faith—commemorating their Saviour's dying love. He joined in the blessed sacrament with great feeling and solemnity—now pressing his hands together and now spreading them forth as the words of the service expressed the feel-

ings, desires, supplications, and thanksgivings of his heart. After this he rallied, and again I was permitted frequently to join with him in religious services, conversation, and prayer. He grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Among the books which he read most were Jay's 'Morning and Evening Exercises,' 'The Life of Dr. Chalmers,' and 'The Christian Philosopher Triumphant in Death.' His hope continued to the end, though true and real, to be tremulous with humility rather than rapturous with assurance. When he felt most the weariness of his protracted sufferings it sufficed to suggest to him that his heavenly Father doubtless knew that after a life so long, stirring, and tempted such discipline of chastening and suffering was needful to make him meet for the inheritance of the saints; and at once the words of meek and patient acquiescence escaped his lips."

STONEWALL JACKSON



CHAPTER XI.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON.

THE commanding officer of his regiment while it was in Mexico following the Mexican War, Colonel Francis Taylor, was the first man to speak to Stonewall Jackson on the subject of personal religion. Taylor was an earnest Christian, constantly interested in the religious welfare of his soldiers. He made a deep impression on young Jackson, who after this conversation resolved to study the Bible and seek all the light within his reach.

On his return to the United States, soon after settling as a professor at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., he applied for admission into the Presbyterian Church, making a public profession of his faith in Christ on November 22, 1851. He soon became a deacon in the church, and with a soldier's training in obedience to superior command he followed out the same principles in

his church duties, going to his pastor as his chief for his "orders," and "reporting" performance of them in a military way.

Few men had such reverence for ministers of the Gospel as had Jackson, and he often said that, had his education fitted him for it and had he more of the gift of speaking, he would have entered the pulpit. In a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Neale, he said, "The subject of becoming a herald of the Cross has often seriously engaged my attention, and I regard it as the most noble of all professions. It was the profession of our divine Redeemer, and I should not be surprised were I to die upon a foreign field, clad in ministerial armor, fighting under the banner of Jesus. What could be more glorious? But my conviction is that I am doing good here, and that for the present I am where God would have me be. Within the last few days I have felt an unusual religious joy. I do rejoice to walk in the love of God. My heavenly Father has condescended to use me as an instrument in getting up a large Sabbath school for the negroes here. He has greatly blessed it, and, I trust, all who are connected with it."

So scrupulous was Jackson in the performance of his duties that he would not neglect even the smallest, saying, “One instance would be a precedent for another, and thus my rules would be broken down.” After his conscience had decided upon questions of right and wrong, his resolution and independence enabled him to carry out his principles with a total disregard of the opinions of the world. He thought it a great weakness in others to care what impression their conduct made upon public opinion, if their consciences were only clear. The fear of the Lord was the only fear he knew. After he became a Christian he set his face against all worldly conformity, giving up dancing, theater-going, and every amusement that had a tendency to lead his thoughts and heart away from holy things. When a question was raised as to the right or wrong of indulgences that many consider innocent he would say, pleasantly: “Well, I know it is not wrong not to do it, so I am going to be on the safe side.” His rule was never to make any compromise with his principles, but there was not a particle of asceticism or gloom in his religion. It shed perpetual sunshine

upon his life, and his cheerful serenity was like the full flowing of a placid stream. His faith and trust led him to feel that nothing could happen to him but what was sent in wisdom and love by his heavenly Father. One of his favorite texts of Scripture was: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

Mrs. Jackson in her biography tells us that soon after he united with the church, his pastor, in a public discourse, urged his flock to more faithfulness in attending the weekly prayer-meeting, and enjoined upon the church officers and members especially their duty to lead in prayer. Hearing this, Major Jackson, for that was his rank at the time, called to inquire if he was among those who were admonished not to be deterred from their duty by modesty or false shame. He said he had not been used to public speaking; he was naturally diffident, and feared an effort might prove anything but edifying to the assembly; "but," he continued, "you are my pastor, and the spiritual guide of the church; and if you think it my duty, then I shall waive my reluctance and make the effort to lead in prayer, however

painful it may be.” Thus authorized to call upon him, if he thought proper, after a time the pastor did so. In responding to the request Jackson’s embarrassment was so great that the service was almost as painful to the audience as it was to himself. The call was not repeated, and after waiting some weeks the Major again called upon the pastor to know if he had refrained from a second call from unwillingness to inflict distress upon him through his extreme diffidence. The good pastor was obliged to admit that he did shrink from requiring of him a duty which was rendered at such a sacrifice, lest his own enjoyment of the meeting be destroyed. His reply had the true soldierly spirit: “Yes, but my comfort or discomfort is not the question; if it is my duty to lead in prayer, then I must persevere in it until I learn to do it aright; and I wish you to discard all consideration for my feelings.” The next time he was called upon he succeeded better in repressing his agitation, and in the course of time he was able to pour out his heart before God with as much freedom in a public meeting as at his own family prayers, which were never omitted.

Stonewall Jackson was as conscientious about the use of his money as he was about his time and influence. In his giving for religious purposes he adopted the Hebrew system of tithes, contributing every year one-tenth of his income to the church.

No Christian man was ever more careful of his personal habits than Stonewall Jackson. He abstained from the use of all intoxicating drinks, solely from principle, having a fondness for them, as he himself confessed, and for that reason never daring to indulge his taste. During the war, when asked by a brother officer to join him in a social glass, he replied: "No, I thank you, but I never use it; I am more afraid of it than of Federal bullets." Nor did he use tobacco in any form, and for many years not even tea and coffee, believing that they were injurious to his health.

As an instance of the alacrity with which, once convinced that a thing was right to do, he would act, his biographer relates that on one occasion, when he had been talking of self-abnegation and making rather light of it, a friend suggested that he had not been called

upon to endure it, and supposed a case: “Imagine that the providence of God seemed to direct you to drop every scheme of life and of personal advancement and go on a mission to the heart of Africa for the rest of your days, would you go?” His eyes flashed as he instantly replied: “I would go without my hat!”

This same friend once asked him what was his understanding of the Bible command to be “instant in prayer” and to “pray without ceasing.” “I can give you,” he said, “my idea of it by illustration, if you will allow it and will not think that I am setting myself up as a model for others. I have so fixed the habit in my own mind that I never raise a glass of water to my lips without lifting my heart to God in thanks and prayer for the water of life. Then, when we take our meals, there is the grace. Whenever I drop a letter in the post-office, I send a petition along with it for God’s blessing upon its mission and the person to whom it is sent. When I break the seal of a letter just received, I stop to ask God to prepare me for its contents and make it a messenger of good. When I go to my

class room and await the arrangement of the cadets in their places, that is my time to intercede with God for them. And so in every act of the day I had made the practice habitual."

"And don't you sometimes forget to do this?" asked his friend.

"I can hardly say that I do; the habit has become almost as fixed as to breathe."

His friend, wishing to push the matter still further, asked him: "Major, suppose you should lose your health irreparably; do you think you could be happy still?"

He answered: "Yes, I should be happy still."

"Well, suppose in addition to life-long illness you should become suddenly blind; do you believe your serenity would remain unclouded?"

He paused a moment, as if to weigh fully every word he uttered, and then said: "I am sure of it; even such a misfortune could not make me doubt the love of God."

Still further to test him, and knowing his impatience of anything that even bordered on dependence, it was urged: "But if, in addition to blindness and incurable infirmity and pain,

you had to receive grudging charity from those on whom you had no claim—what then?”

There was a strange reverence in his lifted eyes, and an exalted expression over his whole face, as he replied, with slow deliberateness, “If it were God’s will, I think I could lie there content, a hundred years!”

Mrs. Jackson gives a very tender account of her husband’s conduct at the breaking out of the war. He had hoped and prayed for peace and with great sorrow saw the last hope fade away. The morning he was to leave he sent a message to his pastor requesting him to come to the barracks and offer a prayer with the regiment before its departure, and the last thing he did was to return to his home, take his Bible, and read that beautiful chapter in Corinthians beginning with the sublime hope of the resurrection—“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Then he knelt down beside his wife and committed himself and her whom he loved to the protecting care of his Father in heaven. Never

was a prayer more fervent and touching. His voice was so choked with emotion that he could scarcely utter the words, and one of his most earnest petitions was that, "if consistent with his will, God would still avert the threatening danger and grant us peace!"

From the beginning of the war Stonewall Jackson manifested the deepest interest in the religious welfare of his men, and made active efforts to promote the same. He once said to a colporter, "You are more than welcome to my camp, and I shall be delighted to do what I can to promote your work. I am more anxious than I can tell you that my men shall be good soldiers of the Cross." One who heard him lead a prayer meeting for the soldiers a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville says, "I shall never forget that meeting. The reading of the Scriptures, the sweet songs of praise, the simple, earnest, practical talk, and the tender, appropriate, fervent prayer of the great soldier will linger in my memory through life, and will be recalled, I doubt not, when I meet him on the brighter shore."

WASHINGTON IRVING



CHAPTER XII.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ANY one who has ever been at Tarrytown, N. Y., in the summer time and strolled past Christ Episcopal Church cannot have failed to note with admiring attention the splendid ivy vine which has climbed its way upward until it has covered the tower with its great cloak of living green, changing into varying shades of beauty as the summer wanes into the autumn. If some proud citizen has told the visitor the story of that vine it has added very much to its interest. That ivy vine was planted by Washington Irving with his own hand, from a cutting made from the vine which adorns his beautiful and historic Sunnyside, and which, in turn, came from a cutting which the brilliant author brought from the ruins of Melrose Abbey. Perhaps there is not in all America a more picturesquely historic vine. This vine is a living witness to Wash-

ington Irving's interest in the Christian Church. If, now, you go inside the church, you will find above the pew where he used to sit a beautiful memorial tablet containing the Irving coat-of-arms, two royal supporters holding a shield emblazoned with holly leaves, having as a crest a hand holding a bunch of holly. On this tablet there is the following inscription :

WASHINGTON IRVING

Born in the City of New York, April 3, 1783.

*For many years a Communicant and
Warden of the Church, and Respect-
fully one of its Delegates to the
Convention of the Diocese.*

*Loved, honored, revered, he fell asleep in Jesus
March 28, 1859.*

The venerable pastor of that picturesquely adorned church in Tarrytown, Rev. Dr. J. Sheldon Spencer, gave Dr. Ferdinand C. Iglehart some exceedingly interesting reminiscences of the religious life of Irving. Among other things, he said: "My acquaintance with Washington Irving began in 1853, and it soon

ripened into friendship under circumstances most tender and affecting. At the beginning of my ministry in Christ Church, Tarrytown, N. Y., my wife died. Irving was one of the first to call upon me and proffer me the comfort and strength of his tender sympathy. The warm and prolonged pressure of his hand made me feel the power of his sympathy, and then followed these few words, softly and gently spoken, 'They who minister to others must not themselves refuse consolation.' In my sorrow it was a personal revelation of human tenderness, next to the benediction of the Master.

"I can never forget the embarrassment I first experienced in preaching before him. I painfully anticipated the criticism of one who stood in the foremost rank of all authors. But I soon found that there was no more devout or attentive hearer in the church than he. He sat in his pew, with his head resting lightly on his hand, in that pensive attitude which one of his portraits exhibits. He would thus sit, with his eyes intent upon the speaker, as one anxious to receive some truth for his soul's health. With all his powers of mind he knew

of no other spiritual sustenance than the Gospel of Christ and its plain, simple truths.

“During my first interview with him at Sunnyside he introduced the subject of church music, of which he was particularly fond, though I do not think he could sing a note; but the sentiment and the melody deeply affected him. He referred to the *Gloria in Excelsis*. Repeating the words as if they were the joyful refrain of his own heart, he exclaimed, his eyes filling with tears and his voice trembling with emotion, ‘That is religion, Mr. Spencer; that is true religion for you. I never hear the hymn without having my mind lifted up and my heart made better for it.’

“During another visit he spoke to me of this text, which had profoundly impressed him: ‘My son, give me thine heart.’ Years before he must have been deeply impressed with it, for, on looking over a volume of Bishop Wainwright’s sermons, I found one on the text, accompanied by the statement that it was suggested to the bishop by Washington Irving as a text which, more than all others, he should like to hear treated in a sermon. On another

occasion, on the church porch, he expressed with great feeling the same general thoughts, in words which may be classed with the best and most beautiful he ever uttered: 'Religion is of the heart, not of the head. We may, with the understanding, approach the vestibule of the Temple; but it is only with the heart that we can enter its holy precincts and draw near its sacred altar.' "

Washington Irving's parents were Scotch Covenanters, and his father was a deacon in the church, a most sedate and God-fearing man, always very serious in his intercourse with his family, without sympathy in the amusements of his children. Though he was not without tenderness in his nature, the exhibition of it was repressed on principle. He was a man of high character and honor, greatly esteemed by his associates. He endeavored to bring up his children in sound religious principles and to leave no room in their lives for trivial things. One of the two weekly half-holidays was required for the catechism, and the only relaxation from the three church services on Sunday was the reading of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Charles Dudley Warner in his biography of Irving remarks that this cold and severe discipline at home would have been intolerable but for the more lovingly demonstrative and impulsive character of the mother, whose gentle nature and fine intellect won the tender veneration of her children. Of the father they stood in awe; his conscientious piety, thoroughly genuine, nevertheless failed to arouse any religious sensibility in them, and they revolted from a teaching which seemed to regard everything that was pleasant as wicked.

Washington Irving was a bright, happy child, sportive and gladsome in his disposition; and one of his biographers says that this used to give even his mother some anxiety, and she would look at him with a half-mournful admiration and exclaim, "Oh, Washington! If you were only good!" While he was still very young and was required to attend the church of his parents, he slipped away at other hours to attend the Trinity Episcopal Church in New York City, where the family were then living. His conversion was a very striking occurrence. When he first began to attend Trinity he found the service of the ritual

tedious to him and was restless under it, waiting impatiently till it was over, and then settled himself to hear the sermon; but one Sunday as he was entering the church the solemn exhortation to confession was being read, and the thought struck him that he, too, had sins to confess, and so he fell upon his knees and joined in the humble confession of sins; and from that day forward, until the end of his life, the church service was to him an increasing and never-ending source of comfort and delight.

Dr. Spencer, the pastor of Christ Church, Tarrytown, already quoted, gives a number of interesting incidents connected with Irving's church life. He says that Mr. Irving took an active part in the practical work of the church. After his return from Spain as United States Minister he was elected warden of the church. It became his duty among other things to take up the collection. Many a faithful church-worker in other denominations will appreciate the famous author's feelings on that subject. On coming out of the church one Sunday Irving said, his eyes twinkling with humor, "I have passed that plate

so often up and down the aisle that I begin to feel like a highwayman. I feel as if I could stop a man on the road and say, 'Your money or your life!'

An amusing story, yet one having an illustrative point in regard to Irving's nature, is told. At one of the vestry meetings a Mr. Holmes, one of the members, was accompanied by an inoffensive pet dog which took refuge at his feet. There was an animated discussion. Mr. Holmes in an earnest manner pressed his views upon the meeting, and the discussion threatened to be prolonged and serious. When he had ended, Irving, who was always a peacemaker, arose and inquired of the chairman whether Mr. Holmes should be allowed to put them all in bodily terror, adding that he had not only come to advocate his measure, but had brought with him a fierce beast to overawe the vestry and control their votes. "And," he added, pointing to the little dog, "there he is now by his side, keeping guard." The irresistible drollery of his speech and manner was like oil upon the troubled waters of the discussion and diffused a feeling of perfect good-nature over

the meeting which gave a satisfactory settlement of the question.

Irving was passionately fond of children, and he had for them a constant charm. It was a common thing for them to flock about him on Sunday at the church door and decorate him with flowers and slip bouquets into his hand. The tender words and smiles which he always had ready for them were to their innocent hearts the rarest of treasures. In all his association with his neighbors and fellow church-members he was natural and simple, utterly without affectation; and while a vein of mirth and humor was ever bubbling up in his speech, there was never anything but kindness manifest in it.

Washington Irving's faith in God and his love of humanity were very simple, and his life and literature were all of a piece with this simple faith. Only two years before Irving's death Bishop W. F. Mallalieu, then a senior in Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., during the spring vacation took a little trip, exploring both sides of the Hudson River from New York to the Catskills. This trip took him through Tarrytown, and, having a

schoolboy's worship for heroes, he called, entirely unannounced and without recommendation, at the author's home at Sunnyside. An elderly gentleman opened the door, and the young student inquired:

"Have I the honor of addressing Washington Irving?"

He replied, "Yes."

Mallalieu immediately said, "Mr. Irving, I am a student in my senior year in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. As far distant as that is, we have often heard of you, and have read many of your writings. I was visiting points of interest along the Hudson, and I could not deny myself the pleasure of calling on you."

Mallalieu then began to tell him that he had no introduction, when Irving swung the door open, and in the most cheery tone said: "You have no need of an introduction; you have attended to that yourself. Come in, come in."

He then proceeded to give the young student an hour the memory of which has been "as ointment poured forth" through all the years since.

Irving's literature was like his life. With-

out exception his books are wholesome and full of sweetness and charm. There was never either sting or poison in his humor. Though his mirth amuses, it is an innocent gladness that leaves no stain upon the soul.

CYRUS WEST FIELD



CHAPTER XIII.

CYRUS WEST FIELD.

CYRUS WEST FIELD, the man whose name will be forever associated with the laying of the first ocean cable between England and America, was the seventh son of Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field, for more than sixty years a distinguished Congregational minister. The religious life of Cyrus Field was of the genuine, rugged type one might expect from such an ancestor. Although the old Puritan rigors vanished and a breadth and catholicity of view developed, the sincerity of his faith was as sure as the New England granite.

While still very young Cyrus came to New York and was apprenticed to A. T. Stewart, the famous merchant. Soon afterwards, in writing home to his mother, he added this

postscript: "Tell father that I have read through the Pilgrim's Progress which he gave me when at home, and that I like it very much; and also that Goodrich and myself take turns in reading a chapter in the Bible every night before we go to bed."

The boy in the boarding house who reads his Bible and has his nightly prayer with his roommate is fitting himself well for the same kind of honesty and integrity which caused Cyrus Field, years afterwards, when he had failed in business and had been discharged from a large part of his indebtedness, to carefully search out his old creditors as soon as he regained prosperity and pay every one of them together with seven per cent. interest for the ten years that had elapsed. The Bible and family prayers make honesty like that.

The entire story of the laying of the first Atlantic cable is perfumed with the reverence and Christian faith of the great man who conceived the idea and pushed it, through indescribable opposition and difficulty, to final success. In 1858 his friend and pastor, Rev. Dr. William Adams, of New York City, wrote a

letter to Mr. Field in which is this paragraph: "I do not know whether your homeward thoughts ever include your minister, but mine very frequently traverse the sea towards you and your noble enterprise. We have all watched with great interest the noble bearing of your good wife in all the sacrifices which she makes for you and the cause you so gallantly represent. These are things not so much thought of by the great world; but, after all, they are the chief elements in that great price which we are compelled to pay for everything good and great."

Cyrus Field was a man of strong faith in God, and it steadied his life. His first message to the Associated Press on the laying of the first cable contained these words, "By the blessing of divine Providence it has succeeded."

At that time his family were living in Stockbridge, Mass. The wife and children were spending the afternoon quietly, when all were startled by the appearance of Mr. Field's mother. Almost breathless with excitement, she exclaimed: "Mary, the cable is laid. 'Thomas, believest thou this?' " The good

wife dropped her face in her hands and gave herself up to silent thanksgiving to God for his goodness. His brother, David Dudley Field, immediately telegraphed his congratulations in these words: "Your family is all at Stockbridge, and well. The joyful news arrived there Thursday, and almost overwhelmed your wife. Father rejoiced like a boy, mother was wild with delight. Brothers, sisters, all were overjoyed. Bells were rung, guns fired; children, let out of school, shouted, 'The cable is laid! The cable is laid!' The village was in a tumult of joy. My dear brother, I congratulate you. God bless you."

Dr. William Adams wrote Mrs. Field a beautiful letter, from which I quote this interesting paragraph: "What shall I say to you? Words can give no idea of my enthusiasm. As your pastor I have known somewhat of your own private griefs and trials, and the sacrifices which you have made for the success of your noble husband. Now the hour of reward and coronation has come for him and for you. I wrote to him yesterday, directing to New York, to be ready for him when he came. I was at Andover when the news came,

in company with several hundred clergymen. We cheered, and we sang praises to God. I was so glad that your husband inserted in his first dispatch a recognition of divine Providence in his success.

"I sprang to my feet; I told the company that I was the pastor of Mr. Field, and that the last thing which he had said to me before starting was his request that we should pray for him; and then I had an opportunity to pay a tribute to his perseverance, his energy, and his genius, which I did, you may be sure, in no measured terms."

This triumph was only temporary, for the cable soon dropped into silence, and then followed long years of mingled hope and disappointment succeeding each other at rapid intervals. Few indeed are the men who would not have given up in despair. But Field persevered. He tells of one day when he stood on shipboard, "The day was cold and cheerless, the air was misty, and the wind roughened the sea; and when I thought of all that we had passed through, of the hopes thus far disappointed, of the friends saddened by our reverses, of the few that remained to sustain

us, I felt a load at my heart almost too heavy to bear, though my confidence was firm and my determination fixed." And there that load remained until the end.

At last, in 1856, when success had come again, he telegraphed his wife, "All well. Thank God, the cable has been successfully laid and is in perfect working order. I am sure that no one will be as thankful to God as you and our dear children. Now we shall be a united family."

It is hard for the younger generation, who have been accustomed not only to one cable but to several, and have never thought of continents so widely separated as they were in the old times, when it took weeks to receive an answer to a communication sent across the ocean, to appreciate how much Field's great work meant to the world. Henry Ward Beecher, at a public celebration held at Fish-kill, speaking of the laying of the cable, said: "I thought all the way in riding down here to-night how strange it will seem to have that silent cord lying in the sea, perfectly noiseless, perfectly undisturbed by war or by storm, by the paddles of steamers, by the thunders of

navies above it, far down beyond all anchor's reach, beyond all plumbing interference. There will be earthquakes that will shake the other world, and the tidings of them will come under the silent sea, and we shall know them upon the hither side, but the cord will be undisturbed, though it bears earthquakes to us. Markets will go up, and fortunes will be made down in the depths of the sea. The silent highway will carry it, without noise, to us. Fortunes will go down, and bankruptcies spread dismay, and the silent road will bear this message without a jar and without disturbance. Without voice or speech, it will communicate thunders and earthquakes and tidings of war and revolutions and all those things that fill the air with clamor. They will come quick as thought from the scene of their first fever and excitement, flash quick as thought and as silent on their passage, and then break out on this side with fresh tremor and excitement. To me the functions of that wire seem, in some sense, sublime—itself impassive, quiet, still, yet moving either hemisphere and its extremities by the tidings that are to issue out of it.”

The peroration of this same address was splendid: "While thus we are enlarging the facilities of action let us see to it that we maintain at home domestic virtue, individual intelligence; that we spread our common schools, that we multiply our newspapers throughout the land, that we make books more plenty than the leaves of the forest trees. Let every man among us be a reader and thinker and owner, and so he will be an actor. And when all men through the globe are readers, when all men through the globe are thinkers, when all men through the globe are actors—are actors because they think right—when they speak nation to nation, when from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same there is not alone a free intercourse of thought, but one current of heart, virtue, religion, love—then the earth will have blossomed and consummated its history."

But no utterance of the time was more splendid in every way or more thoroughly voiced the lofty purpose and the noble feeling which had sustained Cyrus W. Field through all his years of struggle than the "Cable Hymn," by John Greenleaf

Whittier. The three closing verses illustrate its sweep of vision and its loftiness of spirit:

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war.

For, lo! the fall of ocean's wall,
Space mocked, and time outrun;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the Sea of Galilee,
The Christ is whispering peace!

On December 2, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field celebrated their golden wedding. From all over the world there came words of greeting and good-will. From England a most loving letter came, signed by a large number of names, among which were the Duke of Argyll, Canon Farrar, Mr. Gladstone, and others whose names are known the world over. President Henry Morton of the Stevens Institute read the following poem, which will make

a fit conclusion to our study of the Christian life of this very remarkable man :

Golden light the sun is shedding,
Ushering in this golden wedding,
As he did on that bright day
Fifty golden years away.
Then as now the "golden flowers,"
Lingering after summer's hours,
The chrysanthemums foretold
Anniversary of gold.
Golden love and golden truth
To gold age from golden youth,
In the fire of life, thrice tried,
Pure themselves, yet purified
By the sorrows borne together,
By the stress of stormy weather ;
This pure gold, outlasting earth,
Proves its own celestial birth,
And shall shine with golden light,
Star-like, from Heaven's dome of night.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE



CHAPTER XIV.

ROBERT E. LEE.

CHAPLAIN J. WILLIAM JONES, in his "Personal Reminiscences of Robert E. Lee," tells us that while the army of Northern Virginia confronted General Meade at Mine Run, near the end of November, 1863, and a battle was momentarily expected, General Lee, with a number of general and staff officers, was riding down his line of battle, when, just in the rear of General A. P. Hill's position, the cavalcade suddenly came upon a party of soldiers engaged in a prayer meeting. An attack from the enemy seemed imminent—already the sharpshooting along the skirmish-line had begun—the artillery was belching forth its hoarse thunder, and the mind and heart of the great chieftain was full of the expected combat. Yet, as he saw those ragged veterans bowed in prayer, Lee instantly dismounted, uncovered his head, and devoutly joined in

the simple worship. The rest of the party at once followed his example, and those humble privates found themselves leading the devotions of their loved and honored chieftains.

It is related that as his army was crossing the James, in 1864, and hurrying on to the defense of Petersburg, General Lee turned aside from the road, and kneeling in the dust devoutly joined a minister present in earnest prayer that God would give him wisdom and grace in the new stage of the campaign upon which he was then entering.

Rev. Dr. T. V. Moore, in a memorial sermon on Lee, said that on one occasion he had the opportunity to render him a slight service—so slight that, knowing the General to be ill and under a terrible strain at the time, he expected no acknowledgment; but to his surprise he received a letter thanking him for the service, and adding: "I thank you especially that I have a place in your prayers. No human power can avail us without the blessing of God, and I rejoice to know that, in this crisis of our affairs, good men everywhere are supplicating him for his favor and protection."

One day when General Lee was inspecting

the lines, he met a humble colporter who was distributing tracts. The General asked him if he ever had calls for prayer-books, and said that if he would call at his headquarters he would give him some for distribution, explaining that a friend in Richmond had given him a new prayer-book, and upon his saying that he would give his old one that he had used ever since the Mexican war to some soldier, the friend had offered him a dozen new books for the old one, and he had, of course, accepted so good an offer, and now had twelve instead of one to give away. The colporter called at the appointed hour. The General had gone out on some important matter, but even amid his pressing duties had left the prayer-books with a member of his staff, with instructions concerning them. He had written on the flyleaf of each, "Presented by R. E. Lee." No doubt they are still cherished as precious legacies and heirlooms in Southern homes.

With the close of the war the piety of General Lee seems to have mellowed and deepened, and his career as a college president at Lexington, Va., gave bright evidences of vital, active

godliness. He was a most regular attendant upon all the services of his own church, his seat in the college-chapel was never vacant unless he was kept away by sickness, and if there was a union prayer-meeting anywhere, or a service of general interest in any of the churches of Lexington, General Lee was sure to be among the most devout attendants. His pew in his own church was immediately in front of the chancel, his seat in the chapel was the second from the pulpit, and he seemed always to prefer his seat near the preacher's stand. He always devoutly knelt during prayer, and his attitude during the entire service was that of an interested listener or a reverential participant.

General Lee was emphatically a man of prayer. He was accustomed to pray in his family and to have his seasons of secret prayer which he allowed nothing, however pressing, to interrupt. He was also a constant reader and diligent student of the Bible and had his regular seasons for this delightful exercise. Even amid his most active campaigns he found time to read every day some portion of God's Word.

Not only did General Lee read the Bible himself, but he always manifested the liveliest interest in circulating it among others. During the war he was an active promoter of Bible distribution among his soldiers, and soon after settling in Lexington he accepted the presidency of the "Rockbridge Bible Society" and continued to discharge its duties up to the time of his death. In his letter accepting this office, he wrote: "I have delayed replying to your letter informing me of my having been elected president of the 'Rockbridge Bible Society,' not for want of interest in the subject, but from an apprehension that I should not be able to perform the duties of the position in such manner as to advance the high object proposed. Having, however, been encouraged by your kind assurance, and being desirous of co-operating in any way I can in extending the inestimable knowledge of the priceless truths of the Bible, I accept the position assigned me."

General Lee manifested the deepest concern for the spiritual welfare of the young men under his care. Soon after becoming president of Washington College he said with deep feel-

ing to one of the pastors of the town: "I shall be disappointed, sir—I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here—unless these young men become real Christians; and I wish you and others of your sacred profession to do all you can to accomplish this." To another pastor he said, "I dread the thought of any student going away from the college without becoming a sincere Christian."

At the beginning of each session of the college he was accustomed to address an autograph letter to the pastors of Lexington, inviting them to arrange for conducting in turn the regular chapel services of the college, asking them to induce the students to attend their several churches and Bible classes, and urging them to do all in their power for the spiritual good of the students. Not content with this general request, he prepared lists of the students connected with particular churches and handed these to the several pastors with the earnestly expressed wish that they would consider these young men under their especial watch-care and give them every attention in their power. And he would frequently ask a pastor about individual students—whether

they belonged to his Bible class or were regular in their attendance at church.

At the "Concert of Prayer for Colleges" in Lexington, in 1869, a pastor present made an address in which he urged that the great need of the colleges was a genuine, pervasive revival; that this could come only from God; and that, inasmuch as he has promised his Holy Spirit to those who ask him, they should make special prayer for a revival in the colleges of the country, and more particularly in Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute. At the close of the meeting General Lee went to him and said, with more than his usual warmth: "I wish, sir, to thank you for your address; it was just what we needed; our great want is a revival which will bring these young men to Christ."

During the great revival which followed in the Virginia Military Institute, he said one day to his pastor: "That is the best news I have heard since I have been in Lexington. Would that we could have such a revival in all our colleges!"

Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick, Professor of Moral

Philosophy at Washington College at the time, relates the following concerning a conversation he had with General Lee just a short time previous to his fatal illness: "We had been conversing for some time respecting the religious welfare of the students. General Lee's feelings then became so intense that for a time his utterance was choked; but recovering himself, with his eyes overflowing with tears, his lips quivering with emotion, and both hands raised, he exclaimed, 'O doctor! if I could only know that all the young men in the college were good Christians I should have nothing more to desire.' "

General Lee was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and was sincerely attached to the church of his choice; but his large heart took in Christians of every name; he treated ministers of all denominations with the most marked courtesy and respect; and it may be truly said of him that he had a heart and hand "ready to every good work." When once asked his opinion of a certain theological question which was exciting considerable discussion, he replied, "Oh! I never trouble myself about such questions; my chief

concern is to try to be a humble, earnest Christian myself."

An application of a Jewish soldier for permission to attend certain ceremonies of his synagogue in Richmond was endorsed by his captain: "Disapproved. If such applications were granted, the whole army would turn Jews or shaking Quakers." When the paper came before General Lee he endorsed on it: "Approved, and respectfully returned to Captain —, with the advice that he should always respect the religious views and feelings of others."

The venerable pastor of one of the churches in Lexington, speaking at General Lee's funeral services, said, with deep feeling: "He belonged to one branch of the church and I to another; yet in my intercourse with him—an intercourse rendered far more frequent and intimate by the tender sympathy he felt in my ill-health—the thought never occurred to me that we belonged to different churches. His love for the truth and for all that is good and useful was such as to render his brotherly kindness and charity as boundless as were the wants and sorrows of his race."

One of his biographers closes his summary of the religious character of General Lee by this emphatic statement: "If I have ever come in contact with a sincere, devout Christian—one who, seeing himself to be a sinner, trusted alone in the merits of Christ, who humbly tried to walk the path of duty, 'looking unto Jesus' as the author and finisher of his faith, and whose piety constantly exhibited itself in his daily life—that man was General Robert E. Lee."

ANDREW JACKSON



CHAPTER XV.

ANDREW JACKSON.

ANDREW JACKSON, twice President of the United States, did not become a professed Christian until after he had retired from political life and was past sixty years of age. He had promised his wife that immediately on retiring from politics he would make a public profession of Christianity; but he was rather slow in keeping the promise. In August, 1838, he wrote in answer to one who had written him on the subject: "I would long since have made this solemn public dedication to Almighty God, but knowing the wretchedness of this world, and how prone many are to evil, that the scoffer of religion would have cried out, 'Hypocrisy! He has joined the church for political effect,' I thought it best to postpone this public act until my retirement to the

shades of private life, when no false imputation could be made that might be injurious to religion."

James Parton, his most careful biographer, received from Rev. Dr. Edgar, who was at the time pastor of an influential Presbyterian church in Nashville, Tenn., the story of General Jackson's conversion. Dr. Edgar said that he was invited, during the year 1839, to the Hermitage to administer religious advice to the wife of the General's son, who was sick, and also troubled in mind. During the conversation she chanced to say, in General Jackson's hearing, that she felt herself to be "a great sinner."

"You a sinner?" interposed the General. "Why, you are all purity and goodness! Join Dr. Edgar's church by all means."

This remark was considered by the clergyman a proof that at that time General Jackson was blind as to the nature of true religion.

Not long afterwards a protracted meeting was being held in the little church on the Hermitage farm. General Jackson sat in his accustomed seat and Dr. Edgar preached.

The subject of the sermon was the interposition of Providence in the affairs of men, a subject congenial with the habitual tone of General Jackson's mind. The preacher spoke in detail of the perils which beset the life of man, and how often he is preserved from sickness and sudden death. Seeing General Jackson listening with rapt attention to his discourse, the eloquent preacher sketched the career of a man who, in addition to the ordinary dangers of human life, had encountered those of the wilderness, of war, and of keen political conquest; who had escaped the tomahawk of the savage, the attack of his country's enemies, the privations and fatigues of border warfare, and the aim of the assassin. "How is it," exclaimed the preacher, "that a man endowed with reason and gifted with intelligence can pass through such scenes as these unharmed and not see the hand of God in his deliverance?" While enlarging on his theme Dr. Edgar saw that his words were sinking deep into the General's heart.

After the service General Jackson got into his carriage and was riding homewards. He was overtaken by Dr. Edgar on horseback.

He hailed the doctor and said that he wished to speak with him.

"Doctor," said the General, "I want you to come home with me to-night."

"I cannot to-night," was the reply; "I am engaged elsewhere."

"Doctor," repeated the General, "I want you to come home with me to-night."

Dr. Edgar said that he had promised to visit a sick lady, and he felt bound to keep his promise. General Jackson, as though he had not heard the reply, said a third time, and more pleadingly than before: "Doctor, I *want* you to come home with me to-night."

"General Jackson," said the clergyman, "my word is pledged; I cannot break it; but I will be at the Hermitage to-morrow morning very early."

The anxious man, under the deepest conviction of sin, was obliged to let it rest that way, and went home alone. He spent the entire night pacing his room, conversing with his daughter, and in prayer. It was a time of most radical and momentous revolution in the man's nature. His biographer says of that night: "What thoughts passed through his

mind as he paced his room in the silence of the night, of what sins he repented, and what actions of his life he wished he had not done, no one knows, or ever will know. But the value of this upheaving of the soul depends upon that. There is a repentance which is radical, sublime, regenerating. There is a repentance which is shallow and fruitless. Conversion means a turning. It is only when we know from what a man turns, and to what he turns, that we can know whether his turning is of any benefit to him. There is such a thing as man's emancipating himself, in one night of agony and joy, in one thrilling instant of time, from the domination of pride and desire. He who is walking along the plain cannot reach the mountain-top in a moment; but in a moment he can set his face toward it and begin to scale the heights."

As the day dawned on that awful night of repentance and anguish, the light from Heaven broke upon Andrew Jackson's troubled soul, and a great peace soothed his spirit.

Dr. Edgar arrived soon after sunrise that Sunday morning, and to him General Jackson, in the first flush of his new love for Christ

and his new joy at the forgiveness of his sins, expressed a desire to unite with the church with his daughter that very morning. The minister conversed with him, putting the usual questions respecting doctrine and experience, and all were satisfactorily answered. Then there was a pause in the conversation, at the close of which Dr. Edgar said, very solemnly: "General, there is one more question which it is my duty to ask you. Can you forgive all your enemies?"

The question was a surprise, and for a few moments Jackson was silent.

"My political enemies," he at length responded, "I can freely forgive; but as for those who abused me when I was serving my country in the field, and those who attacked me for serving my country—Doctor, that is a different case."

The minister assured him that it was not different; but that forgiveness of our enemies is at the very gateway to Christian life, that Christianity forbids the indulgence of any hatred whatever and absolutely requires the forgiveness of every one who has wronged us in any way.

After an extended pause General Jackson said that he thought he could forgive all who had injured him, even those who had assailed him for what he had done for his country in the field. Dr. Edgar then consented to his uniting with the church that morning, and left the room to carry the glad tidings to Mrs. Jackson. She hastened to the General's apartment. They rushed with tears into each other's arms and remained long in a fond and silent embrace.

The Hermitage church was crowded that Sunday morning to the utmost of its small capacity. At the windows were the eager faces of the colored servants. After the usual services General Andrew Jackson rose in his place to make the required public declaration of his concurrence with the doctrines and his resolve to obey the precepts of the church. He leaned heavily upon his walking stick with both hands; tears rolled down his cheeks. His daughter, the fair young matron, stood beside him. The silence was most profound and the emotion of the people beyond description as the General answered the questions proposed to him. When at last the formal ceremony was

ended and he was pronounced a member of the church and Dr. Edgar was about to continue the services, the long restrained feelings of the congregation burst forth in sobs and devout exclamations which compelled him to pause for several minutes. The clergyman himself was speechless with emotion and abandoned himself to the exultation of the hour. A familiar hymn was announced, and all the people, both within the church and outside in the gathered groups about the windows, joined with an ecstatic fervor which at once expressed and relieved their feelings.

No one who knew Andrew Jackson ever doubted the genuineness and sincerity of that conversion. The whole character and life of the man were transformed. From that Sunday morning when he stood in the little Hermitage church to take that new oath of allegiance to Christ until the day of his death his Christian character was his chief characteristic. During the remainder of his life he spent most of his leisure hours in reading the Bible, in studying Bible commentaries, and in reading over and over the hymns in what he always pronounced in the old-fashioned way his

"Hime-book." The commentary known as "Scott's Bible" was a source of great delight to him; he studiously read it through twice before he died. He held prayers every evening in the presence of his family and household servants.

On the last Sunday but two of his life General Jackson partook of the communion in the presence of his family. He spoke much of the consolation of religion and declared he was ready for the final summons. To one who called to see him just before his death he said, "I am in the hands of a merciful God. I have full confidence in his goodness and mercy. My lamp of life is nearly out and the last glimmer has come. I am ready to depart when called. The Bible is true. The principles and statutes of that Holy Book have been the rule of my life, and I have tried to conform to its spirit as nearly as possible. Upon that sacred volume I rest my hope for eternal salvation, through the merits and blood of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

A friend of the family, Mr. William Tyack, who spent a few days at the Hermitage as Andrew Jackson neared his sunset, kept a diary in which he recorded Jackson's conversa-

tion and the events which occurred in the household. Among other things he wrote: "At nine o'clock, as is the custom, all the General's family, except the few who take their turn to watch by his side, took their leave of him; each of the family approached him, received his blessing, bade him farewell; kissed him, as it would seem, an eternal good-night; for he would say, 'My work is done for life.' After his family retires it is touching to witness this heroic man, who has faced every danger with unyielding front, offer up his prayer for those whom Providence has committed to his care; that Heaven would protect and prosper them when he is no more—praying still more fervently to God for the preservation of his country, of the Union, and the people of the United States from all foreign influence and invasion—tendering his forgiveness to his enemies, and his gratitude to God for his support and success through a long life, and for the hope of eternal salvation through the merits of our blessed Redeemer."

ELISHA KENT KANE



CHAPTER XVI.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE, the famous Arctic explorer, was brought to a definite and comforting Christian experience when but eighteen years of age through a severe illness which brought him face to face with death. For a long time his family despaired of his life, and he was himself persuaded that there was no hope of his ever making himself useful or honored among men. His biographer, William Elder, says that this was a period of a new birth to him. "Coasting the infinite so long and so near, it opened its scenery to the eyes of his spirit. He walked in its light thenceforth through his journey to the end. He was let into his own inmost life; he got hold of his destiny, and he ever after governed himself conformably. He was at one with himself now, and knew how to conciliate order and liberty, to obey and to command, to accept the

help of system and to preserve his individualism under it without conflict; he stood ready to die, but he did not despair."

Dr. Kane's journals, kept during his long absence in the frozen North, bear eloquent testimony of his faith. Here is one entry concerning Christmas. It reads thus: "Sunday, Dec. 25. The birthday of Christ."

Kane's biographer well says that his heroism would have been reckless if it had not been reverent; he believed that whatever God wills, a man may do; he believed in special providence. His life was full of this confidence. In the journal of his second Arctic voyage we find this: "It is twelve months to-day since I returned from the weary foot-tramp which determined me to try the winter search. Things have changed since then, and the prospect ahead is less cheery. But I close my pilgrim experience of the year with devout gratitude for the blessings it has registered and an earnest faith in the support it pledges for the times to come."

Speaking of a time when things were at their worst, he says: "I look back at it with recollections like those of a nightmare. Yet I was

borne up wonderfully. I never doubted for an instant that the same Providence which had guarded us through the long darkness of winter was still watching over us for good, and that it was yet in reserve for us—for some; I dared not hope for all—to bear back the tidings of our rescue to a Christian land. But how, I did not see.”

Dr. Kane had great faith in prayer, and Wilson, one of the rescue party, gives this account: “Just before we started [on the return with the rescued men], while the rest of the party surrounded the sledge with uncovered heads, Dr. Kane rendered thanks to the Great Ruler of human destinies for the goodness he had evinced in preserving our feeble lives while struggling over the ice-desert, exposed to a blast almost as withering as that from a furnace. The scene was extremely solemn as, deeply impressed by the situation, our commander poured forth ready and eloquent sentences of gratitude in that lonely solitude, whose scenery offered everything to depress the mind and nothing to cheer it. Not a word fell from his lips that did not find a ready response in our own hearts when we reflected

upon the dangers we had undergone and the certainty of death which would have followed the continuance of exposure for even a few hours."

On another occasion, Dr. Kane writes: "I never lost my hope; I looked to the coming spring as full of responsibilities; but I had bodily strength and moral tone enough to look through them to the end. A trust based on experience as well as on promises buoyed me up at the worst times. Call it fatalism, as you ignorantly may, there is that in the story of every eventful life which teaches the inefficiency of human means and the present control of the Supreme Agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought—almost, at the time, unwelcome; see, still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burdens and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an Unseen Power."

The Christian heroism of Dr. Kane that served him for his own great trials made itself felt in every man in his party and kept them from despair. One of them afterwards, when questioned in regard to it, said: "Well, it kept

us human when we were nearly desperate. While we stood with uncovered heads in an atmosphere far below zero, his prayers brought up the spirit of society and civilization in us; and although we perhaps had very little religion in us, we always had some about us."

In a farewell letter to his father on one occasion, as he was about to leave for the Arctic, he wrote: "Say to mother to have no fears on Arctic account. I am not entirely well, but as well as I would be at home, and so trusting in the Great Disposer of good and ill that I am willing to meet like a man the worst that can happen to one secure of right and approving heart and soul of that in which he is engaged." After the good-bye signature there is this sentence: "Love, my last word is Love."

The long and lonely experiences of the Arctic made Dr. Kane deeply introspective and furnished great opportunity for communion with his own soul and his God. Sitting one day at his father's table, after his return from his last expedition, some one closed the narrative of a dangerous adventure with the words, "I never encountered anything so awful in my life." The doctor had been for an hour

silently attentive to all that was said. At this point one of the guests turned to him and asked, "Dr. Kane, what is the most awful thing that *you* ever experienced?" His face took a devotionally serious expression; and he answered, "The silence of the Arctic night!"

On another occasion he gives us a glimpse into some of these experiences in the lonely North: "I am afraid to speak of some of these night-scenes. I have trodden the deck and the floes when the life of earth seemed suspended—its movements, its sounds, its coloring, its companionships; and as I looked on the radiant hemisphere circling above me as if rendering worship to the unseen Centre of light I have ejaculated in humility of spirit, 'Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?' And then I have thought of the kindly world we had left, with its revolving sunshine and shadow, and the other stars that gladden it in their changes, and the hearts that warm to us there, till I lost myself in memories of those who were not; and they bore me back to the stars again."

Dr. Kane had broad sympathies and a gen-

erous, compassionate heart which gave him an interest, gentle and tender, towards animals as well as human beings. Horses and dogs were something more than pets and indulgences with him; his attachment to them was a strongly marked feature of his character. He called each by some pet name always, with a feeling which kindly, almost respectfully, accorded to them their poor claims to a distinct individuality, if not personality, with its rights and the resulting relations with their masters and among themselves.

On one occasion an elephant on exhibition at the Philadelphia Circus killed his keeper and went on a rampage in the menagerie, making a general jail-delivery among the tiger and lion cages, with such zeal that he broke one of his tusks. The alarm roused the police, and the mayor ordered out a company of militia to kill the enraged animal. Dr. Kane heard the rumor, and exclaimed, "The cowardly tyrants, to call the elephant mad! An animal with the intelligence of an elephant has a right to be indignant: that's the word for it. He has been outraged by a brute with less than his own intellect and nothing of his sense of right; and

now he must be murdered to check his just revenge."

Dr. Kane, however, was no pessimist in regard to human nature. He saw something good in every one. To a friend who was patting a dog, after he had been abusing some of the lowest and most loathsome of our own species and exploiting the depraved side of human nature generally, he said, "I like your kindness to the poor dog-people; I have that feeling more than moderately strong myself. But I never saw a man who was not higher than a dog." That was after he had seen humanity in its dregs in every quarter of the globe.

When Dr. Kane returned from his last Arctic voyage he requested his pastor, Rev. C. W. Shields, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, to which his parents belonged and where he had been baptized as a child, to make public thanksgiving for the deliverance of his party from the perils of their cruise. He greatly enjoyed the service and warmly thanked the pastor for performing it. Before he set out he had requested public prayer to be made in one of the churches in New York for

the well-being of the crew and the prosperity of the enterprise.

Death came to the heroic explorer in Havana, Cuba. His mother and his brothers were with him. At the last he had them read to him the Beatitudes, and then asked to have repeated to him David's sweetest Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want." The Good Shepherd had led the traveler on many a dangerous and daring trail, but now he was leading him by the "still waters." Then he asked for the reading of those precious words with which the Saviour took leave of his weeping disciples: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." Even while they were reading these words he took his departure and was with the Lord.

Surely Dr. Elisha Kent Kane deserves to live in history as a great Christian hero. His Arctic explorations stand on a different basis from many others. His search for the party of Sir John Franklin, whom he believed to be still living, dignified it to a great work of

humanity. His pastor in his funeral discourse declares that the philanthropic spirit was the crowning charm of his character and a controlling motive in his perilous enterprise. "Other promptings indeed were there, neither suppressed, nor in themselves to be depreciated. That passion for adventure, that love of science, that generous ambition which stimulated his youthful exploits appear now under the check and guidance of a still nobler impulse. It is his sympathy with the lost and suffering and the duteous conviction that it may lie in his power to liberate them from their icy dungeon which thrill his heart and nerve him to his hard task. In his avowed aim the interests of geography were to be subordinate to the claims of humanity. And neither the entreaties of affection nor the imperiling of a fame which to a less modest spirit would have seemed too precious to hazard could swerve him from the generous purpose."

ABIGAIL ADAMS



CHAPTER XVII.

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

ABIGAIL ADAMS stands alone in American history as the one woman who had the unique honor of being the wife of one and the mother of another President of the United States. She was a very remarkable woman from any standpoint, and one cannot read her letters or the story of her life without discovering that her profound religious convictions were the source of much of her greatness. The deepest sorrow of her life was the long separation which she was compelled to endure because of her husband's duty to the public; but it is through this separation that we have many glimpses into the lives of these two truly great Americans. When the Revolutionary War broke out in Boston, she closed a letter giving a graphic description of occurrences there by saying, "Hitherto I have been able to maintain a calmness and presence of mind; and hope

I shall, let the exigency of the time be what it will."

John Adams's presence and services were so invaluable in Congress that he could not be spared, and consequently Mrs. Adams was called upon to exercise all her fortitude and bear up in great measure alone under the terrible trials of war, pestilence, and such like evils; yet she did not murmur, and she sympathized fully in the glowing words of her husband, who had been the great and eloquent defender of the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776. "You will think me transported with enthusiasm," he writes, "but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see the end is more than worth all the means and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we shall rue it, which I trust in God we shall not."

After the Battle of Bunker Hill Abigail Adams wrote to her husband, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;

but the God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times; ye people, pour out your hearts before him. God is a refuge for us.' Charlestown is laid in ashes."

In the midst of these troublous times personal sorrows and bereavements were often calling men and women away from public affairs. What a window we have into the tender heart and confident faith of this great-souled woman in this letter to her husband telling of the death of her mother: " 'Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O thou my beloved, for the hand of God presseth me sore.' 'Yet will I be dumb and silent, and not open my mouth, because thou, O Lord, hast done it.' How can I tell you (oh, my bursting heart!) that my dear mother has left me—this day, about five o'clock, she left this world for an infinitely better. After sustaining sixteen days' severe conflict, nature fainted, and she fell asleep. Blessed spirit! Where art thou? At times I am almost ready to faint under this severe and heavy stroke, separated from thee, who used to be a comforter to me in affliction; but, blessed be God, his ear is not heavy that

he cannot hear, but he has bid us call upon him in time of trouble."

During the long absence of John Adams in Europe Abigail Adams not only bore her own trials and carried on the family life successfully, but she buoyed and encouraged her husband by letters such as few men have ever received from their wives. On one occasion she writes when she was uncertain as to his location, for there was often a long time between letters in those old slow days: "Hitherto my wandering ideas have roved, like the son of Ulysses, from sea to sea and from shore to shore, not knowing where to find you; sometimes I fancied you upon the mighty waters, sometimes at your desired haven, sometimes upon the ungrateful and hostile shore of Britain, but at all times and in all places under the protecting care and guardianship of that Being who not only clothes the lilies of the field and hears the young ravens when they cry, but hath said, 'Of how much more worth are ye than many sparrows;' and this confidence, which the world cannot deprive me of, is my food by day and my rest by night and was all my consolation under the horrid ideas of as-

sassination—the only event of which I had not thought and, in some measure, prepared my mind.”

Abigail Adams was as great a mother as she was a wife, and some of her letters to her son, John Quincy Adams, when at an early age he was absent with his father in Europe pursuing his education, bear eloquent testimony to the depth of her Christian character. In one of these letters she says to her boy, who had written her of a narrow escape from shipwreck: “You have seen how inadequate the aid of man would have been if the winds and the seas had not been under the particular government of that Being who ‘stretched out the heavens as a span,’ who ‘holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand,’ and ‘rideth upon the wings of the wind.’

“If you have a due sense of your preservation your next consideration will be for what purpose you are continuing in life. It is not to rove from clime to clime to gratify an idle curiosity; but every new mercy you receive is a new debt upon you, a new obligation to a diligent discharge of the various relations in which you stand connected; in the first place,

to your great Preserver ; in the next, to society in general ; in particular, to your country, to your parents, and to yourself.

“The only sure and permanent foundation of virtue is religion. Let this important truth be engraven upon your heart. And also, that the foundation of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes, as a Being infinite, wise, just, and good, to whom you owe the highest reverence, gratitude, and adoration.”

In the spring of 1785 Mrs. Adams accompanied her husband to England, he having been appointed the first American Minister at the Court of St. James. It was a position of great difficulty, not only for Mr. Adams but for his wife as well. But Abigail Adams was equal to the occasion and bore herself with the most admirable skill and spirit in her trying position. A true and genuine Christian lady, without pretension or affectation, claiming nothing for herself beyond what is due to every lady, but expecting and requiring from the haughtiest the consideration appropriate to her rank as representing the women of her native country, she seems to have charmed the nobility and

votaries of fashionable life by her unaffected simplicity, gentleness, refinement, and courtesy, and fully to have sustained the character which her countrywomen may well have admired. Though subjected to many annoyances, Mrs. Adams always proved herself equal to every emergency and never tarnished the fair name of the people to whom she belonged.

Fame and power never for a moment dazzled the eyes of this sincere Christian woman. In 1797, John Adams having been elected the successor of Washington as the President of the United States, his wife wrote to him in terms not only of great womanly dignity, but in sentences which revealed the sincere, spiritual quality of her nature. She begins her letter with a little couplet :

“The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
To give honor to the day,

and may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of the nation. ‘And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how

to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this, thy so great a people?' were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wears not the crown nor the robes of royalty.

"My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trust and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A."

When Thomas Jefferson lost his daughter by death, Mrs. Adams wrote him: "I have tasted of the bitter cup and bow with reverence and submission before the Great Dispenser of it, without whose permission and overruling

providence not a sparrow falls to the ground. That you may derive comfort and consolation in this day of your sorrow and affliction from that only source calculated to heal the wounded heart, a firm belief in the being, perfections and attributes of God, is the sincere and ardent wish of her who once took pleasure in subscribing herself your friend."

Abigail Adams made herself supremely essential to the two great men forever connected with her name, her husband and her eldest son. John Adams found in her death, though he was then eighty-three years of age, the severest affliction which had ever befallen him. She had gone through the vicissitudes of more than half a century in his company, had sympathized with him in all his aspirations, and had cheered him in his greatest trials. Her character had adapted itself to his in such a manner as to improve the good qualities of both.

Her eldest son, John Quincy Adams, returned home after eight years' diplomatic service abroad and became Secretary of State under President Monroe. It was, no doubt, a great gratification to his mother to have a son whose uprightness of character and abilities as

a statesman were fully and freely recognized; and had her life been spared but a few years longer she would have seen the son, as she had seen the father, elevated to the Presidency of the United States. Though John Quincy Adams was at the time of his mother's death a famous man in mature years, her loss came to him as a great shock, and he wrote of it that he scarcely knew how to live in the world with his mother absent from it. She had with rare and beautiful fidelity impressed him not only with her mother love but with her firm religious convictions and the spiritual quality of her great soul.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT



CHAPTER XVIII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was brought up in a Christian home and from his earliest babyhood breathed the atmosphere of Christian faith. He says of his childhood: "I naturally acquired habits of devotion. My mother and grandmother had taught me, as soon as I could speak, the Lord's Prayer and other petitions suited to childhood, and I may be said to have been nurtured on Watts' devout poems composed for children. The prayer of the Publican in the New Testament was often in my mouth, and I heard every variety of prayer at the Sunday evening services conducted by laymen in private houses. But I varied in my private devotions from these models in one respect—namely, in supplicating, as I often did, that I might receive the gift of poetic genius and write verses that might endure. I presented this petition in those early years with

great fervor; but after a time I discontinued the practice, I can hardly say why. As a general rule, whatever I might innocently wish I did not see why I should not have, and I was a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer."

Bryant made a rhymed version of the first chapter of the Book of Job when he was only ten years of age. It began as follows:

Job, just and good, in Uz had sojourned long;
He feared his God, and shunned the way of wrong.
Three were his daughters, and his sons were seven,
And large the wealth bestowed on him by heaven.
Seven thousand sheep were in his pastures fed,
Three thousand camels by his train were led;
For him the yoke a thousand oxen wore,
Five hundred she-asses his burdens bore.
His household to a mighty host increased,
Greatest man was Job in all the East.

The great poem of his early youth was "Thanatopsis," written when he was but seventeen years of age, and revealing the nobility of his thought and the religious spirit which mastered and controlled his poetical gift.

It was not, however, until William Cullen Bryant was sixty-four years of age that he

was moved to make a public confession of his faith in Christ in a formal way. He was living with his family in Naples in 1858. Mrs. Bryant had been suddenly prostrated by serious illness, and he had watched over her through many anxious weeks. A Mr. Waterston, a minister from Boston who happened to be just then in Naples and who was also an acquaintance of Mr. Bryant, received from him, on April 23d of that year, a note stating that there was a subject of interest upon which he would like to converse with the minister. Mr. Waterston recounts the story as follows:

“On the following day, the weather being delightful, we walked in the Villa Reale, the royal park or garden overlooking the Bay of Naples. Never can I forget the beautiful spirit that breathed through every word he uttered, the reverent love, the confiding trust, the aspiring hope, the rooted faith. Every thought, every view, was generous and comprehensive. Anxiously watching, as he had been doing, in that twilight boundary between this world and another, over one more precious to him than life itself, the divine truths and promises had come home to his mind with new

power. He said that he had never united himself with the church, which, with his present feelings, he would most gladly do. He then asked if it would be agreeable to me to come to his room on the morrow and administer the communion, adding that, as he had not been baptized, he desired that ordinance at the same time. The day following was the Sabbath and a most heavenly day. In the fulfilment of his wishes, in his own quiet room, a company of seven persons celebrated together the Lord's Supper. With hymns, selections from the Scriptures, and devotional exercises we went back in thought to the 'large upper room' where Christ first instituted the Holy Supper in the midst of his disciples. Previous to the breaking of bread William Cullen Bryant was baptized. With snow-white head and flowing beard he stood like one of the ancient prophets, and perhaps never since the days of the apostles has a truer disciple professed allegiance to the Divine Master.

"After the service, while standing at the window looking out over the bay, smooth as glass (the same water over which the Apostle Paul sailed, in the ship from Alexandria, when

he brought Christianity into Italy), the graceful outline of the Island of Capri relieved against the sky, with that glorious scene reposing before us Mr. Bryant repeated the lines of John Heyden, the Oriental scholar and poet—lines which he said had always been special favorites of his and of which he was often reminded by that holy tranquillity which seems as with conscious recognition to characterize the Lord's Day :

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn.
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!

Mr. Bryant's daughter, writing to his biographer of his personal religious habits, says that on Sunday mornings he always read prayers and a chapter from the Bible, and that she supposed it was only on Sundays, because in earlier years her father was obliged to leave home on week days before the family could be assembled for prayers. She also states that often in the evenings, after her father had left the parlor, she would go up to his library, and

almost always find him reading the Book of Prayers or some other religious book. He never spoke of it, but she knew it was his invariable custom to read in his room some pages of books of this kind before retiring. On Sunday evenings, if anything prevented his going to church, and generally in the country, where there was no evening service, he read a sermon aloud, choosing from a wide range, often one written by South, or Beecher, or Phillips Brooks, or Robertson. Miss Bryant says: "Very few people knew how much of my father's time was occupied with religious matters, especially during the last years of his life, and after my mother's death he read more books of that character than of any other."

At Roslyn, his country home, Mr. Bryant was a trustee of the Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Ely was pastor. In New York City he attended the successive pastorates of Drs. Dewey, Osgood, and Bellows. Mr. John Bigelow, his biographer in the "American Men of Letters" series, declares that "No one ever recognized more completely or more devoutly the divinity of Christ." Not long before his death his friend, Dr. Alden, published a little

volume entitled "Thoughts on the Religious Life," and one of the last things Bryant ever wrote was a preface to this book, in which he said :

"This character, of which Christ was the perfect model, is in itself so attractive, so 'altogether lovely,' that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind, for the truths which he taught and the sufferings he endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the world would be without him. Take away the blessing of the advent of his life and *the blessings purchased by his death*, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left? It would seem to have been blotting out the sun from the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost, and darkness.

"In my view of the life, the teachings, the labors, and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus there can be no admiration too profound, no love of which the human heart is capable too warm, no gratitude too earnest and deep, of which he is justly the object. It is with sor-

row that my love for him is so cold and my gratitude so inadequate.

"The religious man finds in his relations to his Maker a support to his virtue which others cannot have. He acts always with a consciousness that he is immediately under the eye of a Being who looks into his heart and sees his inmost thoughts and discerns the motives which he is half unwilling to acknowledge even to himself. He feels that he is under the inspection of a Being who is only pleased with right motives and purity of intention and who is displeased with whatever is otherwise. He feels that the approbation of that Being is infinitely more to be valued than the applause of all mankind and his displeasure more to be feared and more to be avoided than any disgrace which he might sustain from his brethren of mankind."

Miss Bryant, writing to her father's biographer, says of this preface to Dr. Alden's book: "The Preface must have been one of the last things written by my father. It speaks more fully than I have known him to do elsewhere of his religious belief and of his belief in Christ, and is very touching, I think. I remember how earnestly he used to enjoin upon

me to study the character and example of Christ and to try to follow it. He was so reserved even with his children in speaking of such subjects that he rarely admonished any one in this way; but when he did it was done with a simplicity and earnestness that made it something never to be forgotten."

The poetry of William Cullen Bryant is largely pervaded by the spiritual quality of the man's mind and heart. One of his poems, especially, reveals his spiritual insight as well as his faith in immortality. It is entitled "The Future Life" and inspired by a longing to see again the wife whom he loved so tenderly.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

FRANCES E. WILLARD



CHAPTER XIX.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.

IN the Capitol at Washington Frances Elizabeth Willard stands in the great circle of honor to represent the prairie State of Illinois. In the great circle of reformers gathering through all the ages her place is forever secure. The early home life of Frances Willard was pre-eminently Christian. Many years afterward she wrote :

“Oh, sacred Sabbaths of our childhood! Oh, early mornings in the spring, when we ran together through the dewy grass or laid our ears to the brown bosom of the earth to hear her vibrant breathing, the thrill at her pulsing heart! Oh, birds that sang for me, and flowers that bloomed, and mother-love that brooded and father-love that held! And God’s sky over all, and himself near unto us every-

where; yea, nearer than near! Surely heavenly and without end are the blessings of the Lord to his children! Verily, his goodness and his mercy are with us all our days."

Miss Willard's great career as a reformer had its root and growth in the religious character of the family and in the religious development of her own character and life. The children in the Willard family early signed the total abstinence pledge inscribed in the old family Bible, where the names of the father and the mother preceded the childish autographs. This was the pledge:

A pledge we make, no wine to take,
No brandy red that turns the head,
Nor fiery rum that ruins home,
Nor whiskey hot that makes the sot,
Nor brewers' beer, for that we fear,
And cider, too, will never do;
To quench our thirst we always bring
Cold water from the well or spring.
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

Fifty years after Frances Willard had signed this pledge, she composed another

pledge, especially for her friends among the boys:

I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think,
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup,
Nor link with my pure breath tobacco's taint.
For have I not a right to be
As wholesome, pure, and free as she
Who through the years so glad and free
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry
For Christ and Temperance I would be—
In Nineteen Hundred; come and see.

Frances Willard's father had very conservative ideas about the kind of books proper for young people—and, indeed, for older people—to read. He had the severest prejudice against fiction of any kind and did not allow his children to read even the best class of such books. Frances obeyed him implicitly during her childhood and until she had reached her legal majority. An incident which occurred on her eighteenth birthday shows, however, that the goodness of Frances Willard was by no means goody-goody. She believed that every human soul had a right to itself under God. On her

eighteenth birthday she wrote a poem in which we find these lines :

The clock has struck!
Oh! heaven and earth, I am free!
And here, beneath the watching stars, I feel
New inspiration breathing from afar
And resting on my spirit as it ne'er
Could rest before, comes joy profound.
And now I feel that I'm alone and free
To worship and obey Jehovah only.

Toward evening of this day, which she called "Freedom day," Frances took her seat quietly in her mother's rocking chair and began to read Scott's "Ivanhoe." Her father came in, and, noticing with great astonishment the book she held, grew cloudy of brow.

"I thought I told you not to read novels, Frances," he remarked, seriously.

"So you did, father, and in the main I've kept faith with you in this; but you forget what day it is."

"What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!"

"Indeed it has—I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what *I* think right, and to

read this fine historical story is, in my opinion, a right thing for me to do."

Her father could hardly believe his ears. He was completely taken aback. At first he was inclined to take the book away; but that would do harm, he thought, instead of good; so he wisely concluded to see this novel action from the funny side, and laughed heartily over the situation, her older brother, Oliver, doing the same, and both saying in one breath, "A chip of the old block."

Although she was brought up in such an atmosphere of religion and prayer, it was not until the leisure of convalescence from a serious illness that prevented her presence at the graduating exercises of her class in Northwestern University that Frances Willard positively entered upon the religious life. This is her own record of that important and significant occurrence:

"It was one night in June, 1859. I was nineteen years old and was lying on my bed in my home at Evanston, Ill., ill with typhoid fever. The doctor had said that the crisis would soon arrive, and I had overheard his words. Mother was watching in the next

room. My whole soul was intent as two voices seemed to speak within me, one of them saying, 'My child, give me thy heart. I called thee long by joy, I call thee now by chastisement; but I have called thee always and only because I love thee with an everlasting love.' The other said, 'Surely, you who are so resolute and strong will not break down now because of physical feebleness. You are a reasoner and never yet were you convinced of the reasonableness of Christianity. Hold out now, and you will feel when you get well just as you used to feel.'

"One presence was to me warm, sunny, safe, with an impression as of snow-white wings; the other cold, dismal, dark, with the flutter of a bat. The controversy did not seem brief; in my weakness such a strain would doubtless appear longer than it was. But at last, solemnly, and with my whole heart, I said, not in spoken words, but in the deeper language of consciousness, 'If God lets me get well, I'll try to be a Christian girl;' but this resolution did not bring peace; 'You must at once declare this resolution,' said the inward voice.

"Strange as it seems and complete as has

always been my frankness toward my dear mother, far beyond what is usual even between mother and child, it cost me a greater humbling of my pride to tell her than the resolution had cost of self-surrender or than any other utterance of my whole life has involved. After a hard battle, in which I lifted up my soul to God for strength, I faintly called her from the next room, and said: 'Mother, I wish to tell you that if God lets me get well, I'll try to be a Christian girl.'

"She took my hand, knelt beside my bed, and softly wept and prayed. I then turned my face to the wall and sweetly slept.

"That winter we had revival services in the old Methodist church at Evanston. Doctor (now Bishop) Foster was president of the University, and his sermons, with those of Doctors Dempster and Bannister and others, deeply stirred my heart. I had convalesced slowly and spent several weeks at Forest Home, so that these meetings seemed to be my first opportunity of declaring my new allegiance. The very earliest invitation to go forward, kneel at the altar, and be prayed for was heeded by me. Waiting for no one, counseling

with no one, I went alone along the aisle with my heart beating so loud that I thought I could see as well as hear it beat as I moved forward. One of the most timid, shrinking, and sensitive of natures, what it meant to me to go forward thus, with my student friends gazing upon me, can never be told. I had been known as 'skeptical,' and prayers (of which I then spoke lightly) had been asked for me in the church the year before. For fourteen nights in succession I thus knelt at the altar, expecting some utter transformation—some portion of heaven to be placed in my inmost heart, as I have seen the box of valuables placed in the corner-stone of a building and firmly set, plastered over, and fixed in its place forever. This is what I had determined must be done, and was loath to give it up. I prayed and agonized; but what I sought did not occur.

"One night when I returned to my room baffled, weary, and discouraged and knelt beside my bed, it came to me quietly that this was not the way; that my 'conversion,' my 'turning about,' my 'religious experience' (re-ligare, to bind again), had reached its crisis on that summer night when I said, 'Yes' to God. A quiet

certitude of this pervaded my consciousness, and the next night I told the public congregation so, gave my name to the church as a probationer, and after holding this relation for a year, waiting for my sister Mary who joined later to fill out her six months' probation, I was baptized and joined the church, May 5, 1861, 'in full connection.' Meanwhile I had regularly led, since that memorable June, a prayerful life (which I had not done for some months previous to that time), studied my Bible, and as I believe evinced by my daily life that I was taking counsel of the heavenly powers. Prayer-meeting, class-meeting, and church services were most pleasant to me, and I became an active worker, seeking to lead others to Christ. I had learned to think of and believe in God in terms of Jesus Christ. . . . What Paul says of Christ is what I say; the love John felt, it is my dearest wish to cherish."

How that Christian life, thus begun, grew in fulness and power the whole world that heard her and felt her influence can testify. Many years after that conversion she was able to write: "The life of God flowing into the soul of man is the only life, and all my being sets

toward him, as the rivers to the sea. Celestial things grow dearer to me every day, and I grow poorer in my own eyes save as God gives to me. I still care a little too much for the good words of the good, but God helps me even in that."

The end of the career of Frances Willard, so far as her earthly life was concerned, was as truly religious as in the great days of her power, when she laid every wreath and crown bestowed upon her at the feet of her Lord. As she lay upon her last bed of sickness, after a hard day, she suddenly gazed intently on a picture of the Christ directly opposite her bed. Her eyes seemed to meet those of the compassionate Saviour, and with the old eloquence in her voice, in the stillness she said:

I am Merlin, and I am dying,
But I'll follow the Gleam.

And a little later she said to the friends who gathered about her, "Oh, let me go away, let me be in peace; I am so safe with him. He has other worlds, and I want to go." And so, still following the Christ Gleam with a brave

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heart and a courageous step, the dauntless soul
went on to follow her Lord to all worlds
whithersoever he might lead her.

BENJAMIN HARRISON



CHAPTER XX.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

BENJAMIN HARRISON—heir of a distinguished line in American history, stretching from that other Benjamin Harrison who signed the Declaration of Independence with a genial wit and a cheerful daring that has never been forgotten, on through another President Harrison, who was first a famous general—was as well known as a Christian as he was as a statesman. For a great many years Mr. Harrison was a devout member and a ruling elder in the First Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis. His membership in the church was not like that of some other public men, merely honorary and formal. He was thoroughly interested in the church, had its interests on his heart, held himself to a keen responsibility not only for attendance on its services, but for faithfully fulfilling all his obligations to the church. General Harrison could have uttered

without any cant or meaningless formality the words which often mean nothing, "I *belong* to the church."

As is well known, Mr. Harrison was not a demonstrative man, and in his religion as in other matters he was inclined to be modest and retiring. But the old proverb, "Still water runs deep," was true of Benjamin Harrison in relation to his devout love for Christ, his supreme faith in the Bible as the Word of God, and his earnest determination to do all within his power to help on the advancement of the kingdom of his divine Lord.

On one occasion General Harrison, standing in the vestibule of the church after a service, incidentally overheard a conversation between a very bright, keen-brained, young man who had attracted his eye and another man who had spoken to him about becoming a Christian and coming into the church. His ear caught the young man's reply, spoken in a serious and he thought rather a regretful tone, to the effect that he was not able to accept Christianity, as there seemed to him insurmountable difficulties in the way of believing the Bible to be the Word of God, and as Chris-

tianity was founded on that, it did not seem possible for him to become a Christian.

This young man was poor, almost entirely unknown in the city, living in a modest room in a boarding-house. We can imagine his astonishment, two or three evenings later, when there came a knock at his door, and Benjamin Harrison—the most distinguished lawyer in Indiana, at that moment a candidate for the United States Senate before the legislature then in session, an office to which he was elected a few days later, and a man frequently spoken of as a future President of the United States—was shown into his room. General Harrison at once made him feel at home, however, by frankly telling him that he had accidentally overheard his conversation at the church on the Sunday previous and that it had greatly interested him for the reason that he himself had formerly had the same difficulties, they had given him great trouble, and naturally he felt a brotherly interest in any young man who was troubled in the same way he had been.

General Harrison followed up this statement with the further statement that, having thought the matter through to a satisfactory conclusion

for himself, until he had rested his faith upon the Bible as the Word of God and had proved Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, he had thought that perhaps this experience had peculiarly fitted him to be of some help to another man who found himself in a like situation.

Of course the young man was entirely disarmed, and could not help being softened and mellowed into an openness of mind and heart to receive teaching under such circumstances.

With the keen, sharp skill of an able lawyer, softened by the kindness of Christian brotherhood, Benjamin Harrison drew out all the young man's mind and heart on the great subject in hand. He soon saw every point of difficulty; and as they came to the front, one by one, with logical clearness he disposed of them, never leaving a point until his young friend was entirely satisfied that his objection was gone. And so they talked, on and on, utterly oblivious of time, until at last the young man admitted that all his objections had been answered; that every difficulty had been cleared away; and with deep emotion announced his faith in Jesus Christ and his determination to accept him and serve him as his Lord.

When at last the conversation was brought to this happy conclusion they arose to their feet, and when the General looked at his watch he found to his amazement that it was some hours past midnight and was nearing the morning. So completely given up to the great purpose of winning this young man to accept Christ had been this famous statesman and distinguished lawyer, that he had been utterly oblivious to the passing of time. All that evening, for hours, his political friends had been searching for him, that they might counsel with him regarding his candidacy for the United States Senate; but he had been utterly forgetful of his own political interests and lost in the intense earnestness with which he had entered into the spiritual interests of another.

Soon after the death of President Harrison, Dr. W. C. Gray, the veteran editor of *The Interior*, who had been a school friend of both Harrison and his wife, related a very interesting story of a visit which he paid to the Harrisons while Benjamin Harrison was United States Senator and but a little while before he was nominated for the Presidency. During a conversation Dr. Gray said to him, "Sena-

tor, you bear a historic name—historically the most eminent of any American citizen; you possess abilities which I estimate as equal to the best, if not the very best, among American statesmen. Your record is worthy of your name. You live in a doubtful State, which you can carry in a Presidential contest. On no man does the shadow of the Presidency fall so clearly as it does upon you, and yet your friends think you are at a disadvantage in one particular.” And then Dr. Gray referred to the magnetic qualities of successful political leaders, and especially other statesmen who were then aspirants. Of the result of that conversation Dr. Gray says, “In the very kindly conversation which followed I discovered that he was not troubling himself with ambitious aspirations, that at the bottom he was a man of humble spirit and yet of a self-respect which forbade him to be a courtier even to the American people—that though he was a great man, he was unconsciously great; and though his heart was large and generous, he would carry it in his bosom and not upon his sleeve. It was to me a memorable interview, which filled me with deep friendship for him. Boy or man,

there was no haughtiness in him, only a natural reserve and self-poise. . . . He won his great success without the compromise of a hair's breadth of his convictions of right and duty."

General Harrison, as he grew in political honors and in the regard of the public, did what very few public men do—he kept pace in his interest in the larger affairs of Christianity and the world-wide interests of the great branch of the Christian church to which he belonged. In connection with the administration of the larger affairs of the Presbyterian Church, of which he was the most famous member, he frequently occupied a place of honorable service. He was seen in the meetings of the General Assembly and took part in the discussions of that great body. He took great interest in the missionary work of the church, both at home and abroad. He was also on the Assembly's committee on the revision of the Confession of Faith. This committee paid a most loving tribute to his memory after his death. In the course of that tribute it is said: "His appointment as a member of this committee was made at a time when he was declining

high public and official honors and when he was deeply engaged in the solution of questions that affected the welfare and peace of nations; but he did not hesitate, though at much personal sacrifice, to respond to the duty the church of his choice and love had laid upon him."

Two or three years before his death, at a time when he was perhaps the most distinguished American citizen living, Mr. Harrison identified himself in a most unique way with universal Christianity by accepting the invitation to preside at the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York City, beginning April 21, 1900. His opening speech was a very remarkable production in many ways and was full of Christian enthusiasm. Many paragraphs in that speech are like windows into the devout heart and spiritual quality of the man. In the opening of his address he says:

"Hours for devotional exercise are assigned. The greatest need of the foreign field is a revived, reconsecrated, and unified home church. And this conference will be fruitful and successful in proportion as it promotes those ends. There will be, I hope, much prayer for an outpouring of God's Spirit."

Mr. Harrison's tribute to Jesus as King is graphically beautiful. He says:

"The highest conception that has ever entered the mind of man is that of God as the Father of all men—the one blood—the universal brotherhood. It was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto—he lays his imposts upon others. He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance before him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' The rough winds fanned his sleep; he drank of the mountain brook, and made not the water wine for himself; he would not use his power to stay his own hunger, but had compassion on the multitude. Them that he had bought with a great price he called no more servants, but friends. He entered the bloody arena alone, and, dying, broke all chains and brought life and immortality to light.

"Here is the perfect altruism; here the true appraisal of men. Ornaments of gold and gems, silken robes, houses, lands, stocks and bonds—these are tare when men are weighed.

Where else is there a scale so true? Where a brotherhood so wide and perfect? Labor is made noble—the King credits the smallest service. His values are relative; he takes account of the per cent. when tribute is brought into his treasury. No coin of love is base or small to him. The widow's mite he sets in his crown. Life is sweetened; the poor man becomes of account. Where else is found a philosophy of life so sweet and adaptable—a philosophy of death so comforting?"

Later on during the great missionary conference, when President McKinley and Governor Roosevelt addressed the members, Mr. Harrison in reply uttered this significant paragraph: "It is reported that the aged German Chancellor, Prince Hohenlohe, recently said as he looked about over the world, its struggles, and strifes, and distress, and grief, that it seemed to him as if that geological era had returned when the saurians, gigantic monsters, walked the earth in their devouring forms. He was addressing, I think, a meeting of scholars, and he turned to scholarship as giving him hope for a world that seemed to be greedy for the destruction of its own members. Ah! my

friends, not scholarship, not invention, not any of these noble and creditable developments of our era—not to these, but to the Word of God and the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ must we turn for the hope that men may be delivered from this consuming greed and selfishness.”

But perhaps in the closing words of his final address at this remarkable conference Mr. Harrison uttered his tenderest Christian testimony: “We part with you in sorrow, and yet bitter as they are, the Christian partings always are cheered by the promise of the great gathering where all who love the Lord shall see each other again. We thank you for your gracious and instructive words; we thank you for the inspiration you have given us; we hope that you have caught from our hearts some of the love we bear you, and that you will go back to the Lord’s appointed work stronger for our prayers and for our sympathy.

“And now, as we bring this meeting to a close, may I not assure you all that the prayers of the Church in America will be offered with a frequency and a fervor they have never had before and that the pockets and the purses of the American people will be opened with a gen-

erosity they have never known before to conduct this great world work—a work which is to bring in the day when the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord.

“God bless you all, abide with you in your places, strengthen your hearts, fill them with the converts that he knows so well how to convert, and give you success in your devoted efforts to make known his name to those who are in darkness.”

Surely no one can read these utterances without feeling the pulsations of a great warm heart full of love for Christ.

THE END.

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